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**LORD DERBY'S STATEMENT.**

ON Saturday last Mr. GLADSTONE used all the resources of his eloquence to inflame popular feeling against the Turks. On Monday Lord DERBY discharged the less popular and less agreeable duty of deprecating a passionate and sentimental policy. The address which was presented to Lord DERBY by members of Trade-Unions and of other bodies, professing to represent the working classes was remarkable for the good sense and moderation which it displayed; and the speakers of the deputation, with the characteristic exception of a clerical agitator, abstained, with a care which might have become practised statesmen, from rash assertions and from impracticable demands. None among the promoters of the late movement have been more earnest in their condemnation of the Bulgarian outrages, and extremely few have confined themselves so consistently to the merits of the question. Although neither the framers of the address nor, with one exception, the members of the deputation had made any charge against the Government, Lord DERBY naturally took occasion to repel, by a clear and dignified statement, some of the wild and furious accusations which have been urged against himself and his colleagues. As he remarked, with an unusual touch of humour, it might have been thought, from many of the speeches which have been delivered, that Lord BEACONSFIELD was Sultan of Turkey, and Lord DERBY himself Grand Vizier. An unwise member of the deputation had asserted that not a woman would have been outraged in Bulgaria if Turkey had not believed that she had the support of England; yet, as Lord DERBY said, the crimes were perpetrated without the sanction or knowledge of the Government of Constantinople, by savages who never in their lives saw a newspaper, and who were wholly ignorant of political relations. The assailants of the Government still harp on the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum, and on the despatch of the fleet to Besika Bay, as measures which encouraged the Turks to acts of lawless violence. Lord DERBY explained that, when the Bulgarian disasters occurred, the Berlin Memorandum had not been rejected, nor was it known at Constantinople or in any part of Turkey that the fleet had been summoned by the English Ambassador.

It is perhaps too much to hope that a correction of gross misstatements will moderate the virtuous indignation of demagogues and divines. Truth is great; but the unknown and judicious author of the proverb refers its destined prevalence to the future. Lord MELBOURNE once said that, according to his experience, falsehood almost always prevailed in the first instance. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S recent explanation of the words which have been supposed to imply a sneer at the Bulgarian outrages satisfied all impartial persons that his language had been misrepresented or misunderstood; but factious orators affect to interpret as a retraction the simple exposure of an error. Lord BEACONSFIELD, it is said, has at last discovered that intolerable wrongs are not proper subjects for an epigram. His own statement proved that no epigram had been uttered. It was perhaps not to be expected that Lord DERBY should confess one mistake which the Government has undoubtedly committed. It would have been both easy and prudent to give official expression to the horror and indignation which the Ministers undoubtedly shared with their countrymen. The palliation of their error, if not the excuse, is that the disadvantageous consequences of an ill-judged reticence accrued

to themselves, while an excess in the opposite direction might have compromised the honour and interests of the country. Fine phrases cost nothing, and Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord DERBY ought not to have grudged expenditure in a cheap currency. The imputation that they regarded the Bulgarian atrocities with complacency or indifference implies a singular disregard of their own convenience and interests. It is obvious that the outrages, and the agitation which has consequently arisen, have hampered their freedom of action and added greatly to their diplomatic difficulties. The habitual reluctance of responsible Ministers to express strong feeling in the midst of international complications was perhaps confirmed in the present instance by their knowledge of the administrative anarchy which prevailed at the time of the abortive Bulgarian insurrection. Lord DERBY told the deputation that the Sultan ABDUL AZIZ was at the time notoriously insane, and that a palace revolution which might or might not be successful was consequently impending. Almost all the central and provincial functionaries were new to their respective offices; and authority was almost entirely suspended. If Lord BEACONSFIELD'S character had been more sympathetic, and Lord DERBY'S more impulsive, they would have escaped much calumnious abuse and some reasonable criticism. The excessive proneness of some of their predecessors to indulge in sentiment afforded no reason for falling into the opposite extreme.

The deputation of the Working-Men's Peace Association offered in some respects an unfavourable contrast to their immediate predecessors. In consistency with their professed principle, the members of the deputation protested against war, and at the same time they demanded measures which could only be imposed on the Porte under the menace of force. British power, according to one of the speakers, ought to be exercised to stop the atrocities which may still be perpetrated; yet it would be difficult to exercise power under a pledge of perpetual peace. It may be assumed that a Peace Society would, if possible, induce other nations as well as England to adopt its doctrines; yet, if the armaments of Europe were finally disbanded, Turkey would welcome the relief from any obligation to attend thenceforward to foreign counsels. Advocates of peace in all circumstances are too ready to assume that they are to have their own way without the necessity of overcoming resistance. On the same terms, all the world would agree in deprecating war as an unnecessary and circuitous method of attaining objects already secured. VICTOR HUGO has often preached and foretold universal peace, with the preliminary condition that Europe shall have formed itself into a federation under the presidency of France. Lord DERBY told the Peace deputation, with unquestionable sincerity, that he shared their dislike for war; but he added that he did not see why we should disarm, unless our neighbours disarmed also. To the earlier and more judicious deputation he had given a significant hint. "Do not suppose," he said, "because we are looking at these questions from a mainly, if not purely, philanthropic point of view, that all foreign Powers and foreign politicians are looking at them exclusively from the same point of view." Indignation against the perpetrators of the outrages in Bulgaria is undoubtedly felt in all civilized countries; but, with the exception of England, no Government which takes an active part in Eastern affairs will be practically influenced by philanthropic sentiment. Lord DERBY added a seasonable warning against the promiscuous denuncia-

tion of races which hold an alien and unpopular faith. Mr. GLADSTONE also, on second thoughts, declared that he regarded Mahometans as equally entitled with Christians to civil and religious liberty; but in his pamphlet he had declaimed against those misbelievers who had "for the guide of this life a relentless fatalism; for its reward hereafter, a sensual paradise." Theological controversy which has become an habitual occupation naturally tends to encroach on the province of political discussion. Lord DERBY probably regards the profession of Mahometanism by a hundred millions of Turks and Asiatics rather as an important fact than as a moral and religious grievance.

The experience of a few days will show whether the Bulgarian agitation will subside as rapidly as it rose. No politician of the first rank, with the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, has taken part in the numerous meetings which have been held in all parts of the country. Lord HAERTINGTON represented the prudence and patriotism of the moderate Liberals in his judicious speech at Sheffield. It is also remarkable that some conspicuous members of the extreme section of the party have, in the midst of the prevailing clamour, maintained their presence of mind and their independent judgment. Sir WILFRID LAWSON was not prepared on the first provocation which occurred to renounce his antipathy to war; and he expressed his confidence in the foreign policy of the present Government. Sir CHARLES DILKE proved that he had not forgotten the political difficulties of the Eastern question in an unreasoning burst of antipathy to the Turkish nation. All but unscrupulous partisans will, when the present excitement has passed away, recognize the expediency of strengthening the hands of the Government, instead of holding up the Ministers to the reprobation of Europe. It will be interesting to learn whether Lord DERBY'S calm and convincing statement will expose him to the renewal of a kind of vituperation which seems to have been transferred into the region of politics from the literary arena and from a bygone age. To attacks which recall the polemical style of MILTON and SALMASIUS, or the exchange of libels between POPE and DENNIS, a self-respecting Minister can give no answer. Even excessive coolness and reserve, if they are less immediately popular than windy sentiment, are not unacceptable to one element of English taste.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AT GREENWICH.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Greenwich was, as might have been expected, eloquent, impressive, and in all respects acceptable to a sympathetic audience. In some ways it is a disadvantage to an orator to encounter no opposition or difference of opinion while he demonstrates undisputed propositions; but Mr. GLADSTONE, although he addressed a unanimous assembly, was conscious that some thoughtful politicians hesitate to adopt his practical conclusions. There is no longer any question as to the frightful crimes which have been committed in Bulgaria. The full responsibility of the Turkish Government is not as completely established. Their official attempts to deny or extenuate the atrocities afford no evidence of previous complicity. It is of course laudable to tell the truth at all times; but a denial of facts which are in any case disgraceful to the nation and the Government is, like other forms of hypocrisy, a tribute to the violated principles of humanity. Mr. GLADSTONE was perhaps prematurely convinced that the crimes of Bulgaria have been repeated in Servia. "One of the impostures," he said, "set up to mislead you was that they" (the perpetrators) "were only a few strangers, or a few irregulars. Irregular or regular, they are all alike. Have you read the detestable proceedings that are recorded in the journals of the last few days?" The reports furnished by the Servians themselves are undoubtedly shocking; but some at least of the English Correspondents, who are the most credible witnesses, have drawn a broad distinction between the regular and irregular troops. The Belgrade Correspondent of the *Times*, writing a day later than Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, declares that, "though the accounts of some Turkish outrages are unhappily too well established to be doubted, it is not for a moment to be thought that a fair idea of the proceedings of a Turkish force is to be gathered from the fearful tales so carefully collected. An English gentleman who has passed through a Servian district lately visited by the Turks reports that he had

"many opportunities of talking with people whose homes had been altogether in the hands of the enemy. He met with not a single case of gross outrage. In general, when a house was entered food was demanded, and when this was not given as quickly as desired, the house was left and another was entered, or a few loud words were used to hasten on the performance. I add this to my telegram as I believe there are many people in England now who believe the Turks to be very fiends, rejoicing in misery and destruction. My own experience confirms the observation I have reported above." The just odium which the Turks and their Government have incurred is sufficient without the addition of doubtful accusations.

Mr. GLADSTONE displayed both good taste and prudence in abstaining wholly from the attacks on the English Government which might not less advantageously have been omitted in his pamphlet. Humbler members of the Liberal party have exerted themselves sufficiently to identify Ministers with crimes which hostile foreigners are already eager to impute to the English Government. Mr. GLADSTONE had previously in his pamphlet censured the conduct of his opponents, although he expressed no desire for their removal from office. In his speech, after stimulating to the utmost the prevailing indignation against the Turks, he promulgated a policy which might, if it were thought desirable, be adopted either by a Liberal or a Conservative Government. He had previously corrected a mistake, caused wholly by his own ambiguous language, as to the meaning of his proposal that the Turks should "carry away their abuses in the only possible manner—namely, by carrying off themselves." By themselves Mr. GLADSTONE meant, not themselves, but their governing functionaries, "their Zaptiehs, their Mudirs," and other official persons. It is unluckily impossible to confine to pashas and policemen the previous description of the Turks as "the one great anti-human specimen of humanity"; but it is well that Mr. GLADSTONE in his calmer moments should recognize the duty of toleration. The Mahometan population is not to be disturbed; but Mr. GLADSTONE has not explained how it is to be governed and protected. It has been a hundred times observed that there is no similar element in the self-governed provinces which have in former times been detached from Turkey. The problem of securing a tolerable existence to a mixed population must be solved, if possible, by the concerted ingenuity of European diplomatists; but hitherto neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor any other advocate of the claims of the Christian subjects of Turkey has devised a plausible arrangement. Ordinary speakers at public meetings have no hesitation in pledging themselves without reflection to results, whether they are attainable by legitimate or illegitimate means. The task of responsible statesmen is more definite, and therefore more difficult. Not one in a thousand of those who have protested against the continuance of Turkish dominion is prepared to effect the object which is supposed to be desirable at the cost of war. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps excited some surprise by his greater consistency when he suggested the employment of the Mediterranean fleet to prevent the despatch of Turkish reinforcements across the Straits. An act of war not provoked by any offence or injury offered to England might perhaps admit of moral justification; but it would be the commencement of a novel or paradoxical policy. Russia herself has hitherto been content with open disregard of the rules of neutrality, and has not, down to the date of the latest accounts, declared war against Turkey.

The most serious recommendation contained in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech is that the Government should cultivate the closest relations with Russia. There is no difference of opinion as to the expediency of acting in concert with the European Powers; and it may be admitted that the entire Eastern question has been practically simplified by the atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria. The Porte has, as Lord DERBY said, incurred by its own guilt or negligence a misfortune greater than the loss of a pitched battle, in forfeiting the sympathy of England. It is now lawful to exercise an interference which would a year ago have bordered on usurpation. The Power which had always protected Turkey has ceased to be friendly, and in the pending negotiations it will chiefly regard the peace and security of Europe. Except as one of the community of nations, England is disinterested, as long as no territorial or political aggression is attempted by any other Power. Austria, France, Germany, and Italy appear to be equally free from designs of selfish aggrandizement; and the co-operation of any or all of them



ought, as far as possible, to be obtained. It is invidious to announce publicly, at Greenwich or elsewhere, that England and Russia must necessarily exercise greater influence than other European Governments. Austria can interpose an effective veto on any scheme of territorial reconstruction; and both Germany and France are too powerful to be overlooked or slighted. The violent agitation of the last fortnight may, if it is judiciously used, enable the English Government to place a wholesome pressure on the Porte; but it at the same time tends to cripple any resistance which may be offered to the ambitious projects of Russia. The whole world understands that a formidable blow has been inflicted on a Ministry which had obtained credit for the revival of English influence on the Continent. Remonstrances which it may be Lord DERBY's duty to urge will be answered by significant references to Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. Lord HARTINGTON's patriotic caution may not be as readily appreciated.

No reasonable politician will dispute the advantage of a cordial understanding with Russia, if it can be established in consistency with the policy which ought to recommend itself to an English Government; but it is difficult for two Governments to co-operate cordially in the pursuit of opposite objects by conflicting methods. Mr. GLADSTONE himself admits that it is desirable, if it is possible, to maintain the territorial integrity of Turkey, which is only in danger from Russian designs. During five years before the insurrection in Herzegovina the Government of Constantinople was under the patronage and control of General IGNATIEFF, who made no attempt to check the criminal follies of the late SULTAN, and who supported a Ministry which was promoting the ruin of the Empire. It is not known that the Russian Ambassador made any effort to correct the misgovernment of the provinces which have since engaged in rebellion. The reform of abuses in Turkish administration is no more desired by Russia than were the improvements which CATHARINE II. prohibited in the anarchical constitution of Poland, on the eve of the Partition. England desires the early termination of the Servian war, which is maintained, as it was previously instigated, by Russia. The sudden outburst of sympathy with the Bulgarians for the first time supplies a common ground of action between England and Russia. Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps right in assuming that the feeling of the Russians for the Christian subjects of Turkey is genuine and sincere. A man or a nation, actuated by two converging motives, can always attribute his or its conduct to the more creditable cause. On the systematic policy of Russia the Bulgarian outrages will exercise no kind of influence. Mr. GLADSTONE has given eloquent expression to a prevalent feeling; and it is perhaps not his fault, but a misfortune inherent in the nature of the case, that he has not been able to suggest a practical remedy for the evils which he denounces. He naturally abstained from noticing the popular demand for the recall of the Ambassador in whom his own Government and party had long reposed perfect confidence. Lord RUSSELL had not anticipated the clamour which is directed against his near connexion. Lord GRANVILLE undertakes the duty, which had not been assumed by Mr. GLADSTONE, of vindicating Sir HENRY ELLIOT from the charge of incompetence or culpable neglect.

#### MARSHAL MACMAHON AT LYONS.

THE French people would have been spared a great deal of anxiety respecting their national future if they had remembered the existence of light and shade in politics. They seem always to expect that their horizon will be altogether clear or altogether dark. If they have persuaded themselves that things are looking brighter, the reappearance of a single cloud is enough to throw them back into their original gloom. The millennium has not come, and consequently all the supposed signs of improvement go for nothing. This unfortunate temper has been strikingly shown in the comments evoked by Marshal MACMAHON's visit to Lyons. Considering what Lyons is and has been ever since the Revolution, and considering the circumstances under which the visit of the MARSHAL has been paid, everything seems to have passed off wonderfully well. There have no doubt been a few awkwardnesses here and there, and what newspaper reports call the harmony of the meeting has occasionally been interrupted. But what else was to be expected in the most Republican city next to Paris that France contains? In Lyons the peculiar re-

straints which apply to Paris have no operation. It is true the city is included in one of the four departments in which the state of siege is still maintained; but it is not the state of siege that keeps Paris so silent about an amnesty. Complicity with the Commune was a very general crime in the spring of 1871, and too great a display of anxiety about the imprisoned Communists might start inquiries which would have highly inconvenient results. In Lyons there is no inconvenient past to be raked up. During the Commune, if the Radicals sympathized with Paris, they kept their feelings to themselves. Now, therefore, they can show on which side their heart is, with no fear of the display being made the occasion of a prosecution. That the Lyons Radicals should ask for an amnesty for the Communists is, after all, no such tremendous event. They probably feel that, had they been in Paris, they would have acted in much the same way, and that, if the newly constituted Republic were worth anything, to do so would hardly be esteemed a crime. To ask for mercy to political criminals is a cheap mode of testifying dislike to the Government against which their offence has been committed. Of course it would have been pleasanter if the extreme party at Lyons had come forward and assured the MARSHAL that reflection had convinced them that an amnesty is impossible, and that their only hope is that their misguided countrymen in New Caledonia may be brought to acknowledge their errors. But it is hardly to be expected that the establishment of the Conservative Republic should work so rapid a change in the temper of Radical Republicans. The prospects of peace and order in France have never rested on anything so improbable as their conversion to moderate views. They will remain to the end, it may be, the same impracticable politicians that they have been since they first took an interest in public affairs. The fortunes of the Republic depend on the accession to its side of a class which until now has taken no interest whatever in public affairs. It is this class that has given the Republican Government such steady support in the Chamber, and, with rare exceptions, it is a class that is not found in large cities. If it continues to believe in the Republic, the confidence of the large cities may be dispensed with. But even in these the violence that has heretofore been their distinguishing characteristic is likely to abate rather than increase. The fact that the form of government is Republican is calculated to soothe that large class of persons who are content to accept words for things. Under a Monarchy, no matter how justly and moderately it might be administered, they would have esteemed it a duty to be disaffected. Under a Republic, they will no longer have their feelings outraged, and they will consequently have time to discover that they have no real grievances to complain of.

The most important incident in the MARSHAL's visit was the presentation of an address from the Chamber of Commerce. The chief blunder of the Anti-Republican party since the war has been their inability to see that, the moment the Republic showed that it was prepared to maintain order in the country, it became the interest of business men to stand by it. The Lyons merchants might perhaps have welcomed a King or an Emperor with more enthusiasm than they have shown in welcoming Marshal MACMAHON. But, though they may wish that the Monarchy had been restored three or five years ago, they are aware that to restore it now would be to sacrifice all that the last three or five years have accomplished. Commerce and industry, as M. GALLINE very truly says, do not live by faith in to-morrow; they live by faith in a long succession of to-morrows. The manufacturer who contracts in the winter to buy a crop which will not be harvested till the following autumn, nor be converted into goods for a year after that, does not like to think that by the time he has to find purchasers for his wares some fresh political convulsion will have brought trade to a state of stagnation, and forced buyers to keep their money for more pressing needs. Yet this is the only prospect that the Royalists or the Imperialists have to offer him. He is asked to rejoice at the thought that the Exhibition of 1878 will never be held, or that there will be a counter-revolution at latest in 1880. It is a strange bait to hold out to a man whose most fervent prayer is that to-morrow may be as to-day and yet more abundant. But there is no other bait forthcoming unless he turns to the Republicans. From them he can count on sympathy. When he laments the injury which political uncertainty does to trade, they are willing to lament it quite as loudly. When he pleads that industry

only asks to be let alone, and to be allowed to make money peacefully under a Government which remains the same in essentials from one year to another, they shudder at the wickedness which would refuse so reasonable a request. They have no difficulty in convincing him that his real interest lies in maintaining the Republic, because they are the only party that can even pretend to offer him both present and future tranquillity. Monarchists of all shades are willing and eager to offer him future tranquillity, but it is at the price of present confusion. With them the first condition of national prosperity is the overthrow of the Republic, and the overthrow of the Republic means the surrender of all the progress that France has made towards prosperity since 1871. This is too great a sacrifice to ask of commercial men. The Republic is in possession of the field, and there is more to be done, they think, by giving it additional stability than by pulling it down in the hope that something stronger may some day be built on the ground that it now occupies. If the merchant can but feel assured that what the Government of France is to-day it will be this day two years, he will not be afraid to launch out upon those larger enterprises in which the triumphs of commerce are won.

It is the great merit of Marshal MACMAHON that he has seen this from the first. The industrial aspect of affairs is not one that is specially calculated to strike him; but he has taken it in with much greater clearness than men of far higher pretensions to political insight. The party of order, as it was constituted first under the Duke of BROGLIE and then under M. BUFFET, could never take it in at all. They were always appealing to sensible men to save France from Republican violence, and always letting it be seen that it was only by invoking Royalist or Imperialist violence that the work of salvation could be effected. Marshal MACMAHON, on the contrary, has steadily refused to countenance any attack upon the existing order of things. No amount of Monarchical birds in the bush have seemed to him to be worth the Republican bird in the hand. His reply to the address from the Chamber of Commerce strikes the old note over again. The MARSHAL cherishes a firm hope that the maintenance of peace and order, and that stability of government to which the address had just referred, will be favourable to industrial development. This is of a piece with the determination to hold an Exhibition in 1878. The words are the words of a man who is resolved to do all he can in the direction of keeping order, and who has no fear that his power will not be equal to his will. It is of little use for the reactionary organs to treasure up every indication of unpopularity which could be detected in the course of the MARSHAL'S visit. There is not the slightest fear that Lyons will follow the example of Paris and break out into open insurrection. The experience of the Commune has been of incalculable advantage to the workmen in the great French towns. It has shown them that the Republic is not afraid to act with decision, and even with cruelty, and that those who make war against her must count the cost of defeat. The man who has thoroughly mastered this truth need to be under some very overwhelming sense of duty before he invites the Republic to treat him as it treated the Communists, and the absence of Monarchical forms is fatal to the existence of any such sense. There is but little glory to be won by Republicans in fighting the Republic.

#### THE NEW JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

THERE will be no difference of opinion as to the selection by the LORD CHANCELLOR of the Judges of both Courts of Appeal. Sir COLIN BLACKBURN has sat in the Queen's Bench for eighteen or nineteen years, and during a considerable part of the time he has been the senior puisne Judge of the Court. Few of his colleagues would pretend to compete with him in legal learning and judicial ability, and he is assuredly second to none among them. The difficulty in obtaining the services of competent Judges as Lords of Appeal which was apprehended by one or two lawyers in the House of Commons has not occurred; nor, indeed, is there any reason why increase of salary, elevation of rank, and diminution of labour should be considered as objections by those who may be invited to form a part of the supreme tribunal. A seat in the House of Lords during tenure of office, a title, and precedence for life, are not in themselves onerous conditions. The principal judicial dignitaries of Scotland and a Scotch Law Lord have

declined a promotion which would have made a vacancy for the LORD ADVOCATE. The Scotch appeals form so considerable a part of the judicial business of the House of Lords that it was proper to include a Scotch lawyer among the members of the tribunal. The precedent was first established in the case of the late Lord COLONSAY, and it was followed when Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government conferred a peerage on Lord MONCRIEFF. The promotion of the LORD ADVOCATE will be generally approved; and it may be presumed that the Ministers hope that his retirement from the House of Commons may not involve the loss of a seat. The electors of the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen are perhaps sufficiently cool and clear-headed to distinguish between the savage irregulars who committed the Bulgarian massacres and the English Ministers who afterwards heard of their crimes. The election will be interesting as an illustration of the political opinion of educated and professional Scotchmen; but the result will be largely and properly influenced by the personal qualifications of the candidates who may be proposed by either party. The new Lords of Appeal will probably not be inclined to take an active part in the ordinary business of the House, and their votes are not required to increase an undisputed majority. Sir COLIN BLACKBURN is understood to hold Conservative opinions; but his political opinions have nothing to do with his promotion. When legal questions arise, the many eminent lawyers in the House of Lords will welcome the assistance of a colleague of not inferior authority.

The compromise which was effected in the Judicature Act between the supporters of Lord SELBORNE'S Bill and the peers and lawyers who insisted on the maintenance of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords was reasonable, practical, and thoroughly consistent with the best traditions of English legislation. There is a certain element of pedantry in protests against the preservation of a name while the subject-matter which it describes is more or less modified. It is true that the House of Lords in its judicial character will hold sittings during the prorogation of both branches of the Legislature; and that lay peers will still be subject to the exclusion from judicial functions which they have patiently endured for several generations. The altered constitution of the Supreme Court of Appeal would be nothing if it were not an innovation, and the contrast between novelty and precedent necessarily involves a kind of anomaly; but the inference that it would have been better to create a new Court outside the House of Lords has little foundation in expediency or in reason. By his acquiescence in a scheme which he had not originally favoured, Lord CAIRNS has avoided all questions of possible disrespect to Ireland or to Scotland. Both countries are represented in the House of Lords, and in both countries objections were raised to the appellate jurisdiction of a purely English Court of Appeal. The difficulty might perhaps have been overcome by other methods; but it was better, if possible, to evade it. There was better reason for the ultimate tenacity of the House of Lords in adhering to a privilege which undoubtedly adds to its dignity. The unopposed passage of Lord SELBORNE'S first Judicature Bill could only be attributed to the blame-worthy inadvertence of the majority of the House. It was said that at the time Mr. DISRAELI sneered at the levity with which the House of Lords had abandoned its jurisdiction. On further reflection the Peers virtually acknowledged the justice of his sarcasm by causing the withdrawal of Lord CAIRNS'S similar measure. There is a time when fictions which have wholly ceased to correspond to living institutions may conveniently be swept away; but, while the divergence of form and of substance is in progress, it is difficult for legislators to determine with certainty the boundaries between fact and fiction. If the preservation of the nominal jurisdiction of the House of Lords does no good, it can certainly do no harm. The experiment will be fairly tried by the appointment of Lords of Appeal who will command general confidence.

The Court of Intermediate Appeal as it has now existed for two years has not satisfied the profession. While the two Lords Justices and Sir RICHARD BAGGALLAY disposed of the Equity appeals, Common Law cases were heard before a shifting tribunal, which was sometimes inferior in authority to the Court below. It had become necessary to provide a more permanent Court; but the CHANCELLOR justly objected to any increase in the number of Judges which could be avoided or even postponed. The amend-



ments which were introduced into the Judicature Act in the House of Commons tend to diminish or remove the difficulty, by enabling single Common Law Judges to decide matters which have hitherto been reserved for the Court in banc. By this arrangement it is calculated that the Common Law Divisions can spare three of their members to form with the Lords Justices, and with the Chief Justices, who, however, will seldom be able to attend, an Intermediate Court of Appeal. The extension of the jurisdiction of the ordinary Judges will greatly increase the number of intermediate appeals, and experience will show whether the new Court will be able to deal with the amount of business which may await it. In this case also Lord CAIRNS has exhibited a sound discretion. It was perhaps convenient that one of the appellate Judges should have practised in Equity, while he has acquired some experience on the Bench of the Exchequer. Baron AMPHLETT cannot pretend to eminence as a common lawyer; but Baron BRAMWELL is conspicuous for learning, experience, and mental vigour; and Sir BALIOL BRETT has acquired a high reputation among the younger members of the Bench. It is provided that the Judges of the Intermediate Court of Appeal shall take their share of circuit business; and the consequent intermission of their sittings may probably cause inconvenience to suitors. If necessary, the total number of Judges must at some future time be increased; nor is the expense worth serious consideration; but it is of the utmost importance that the standard of judicial fitness should not be lowered, and promotion from the Bar to the Bench is already sufficiently rapid.

The unexpected and premature death of Justice QUAIN, coinciding in time with the elevation of Justice BLACKBURN, will test the capacity of the Bar to supply competent candidates. The Queen's Bench Division and the Exchequer Division have each lost two of their ablest members, and in either case one of the vacancies must be filled up. The LORD CHANCELLOR will find a satisfactory choice not impracticable; but it would be embarrassing to provide a larger number of new Judges. In former times the possession of a seat in Parliament on the Ministerial side was regarded as conferring a claim to promotion. Modern Chancellors have for the most part preferred professional eminence to political service, and their virtuous resolution has perhaps been strengthened by the consciousness that the elevation of a partisan may sometimes be followed by the loss of a vote in the House of Commons. The present Government has not succeeded in finding a seat for the SOLICITOR-GENERAL; and the choice of any of the lawyers who are already in Parliament might have provoked a doubtful contest. As several weeks of the vacation still remain, there is no immediate necessity for filling up the vacant places; and the uncertainty will provide an agreeable holiday excitement for possible candidates. The opportunities of promotion which are under the new system provided for Judges would in former times have been objectionable as tending to impair the independence of the Bench. Happily, the antagonism of interest between the Crown and the subject has become obsolete; nor would it be easy for a servile Judge to render service to the Government of the day. Lord CAIRNS follows the example of several of his predecessors in disposing of his judicial patronage by merit; and there is no reason to suppose that future Chancellors will be less scrupulous. The competence and ability of a Judge are accurately appreciated by his colleagues and by the Bar; and, although judicial capacity is not always proportionate to professional success, it may be confidently anticipated that an acute and learned member of the ordinary Courts will display the same qualities in the higher and not more difficult post of a Judge of Appeal.

#### MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS IN ITALY.

SIGNOR NICOTERA has lately put out a Circular purporting to be an explanation of the law relating to monastic institutions in Italy. In 1866 all houses and establishments belonging to religious orders were suppressed, but ever since that time there has been a difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of suppression. According to the interpretation which the Radicals desired to put on it, the suppression of a monastery or convent meant, not the appropriation of the building by the State and the dispersion of the inmates, with liberty to live for

the future as they liked, but the appropriation of the buildings by the State, together with the subjection of the inmates to a rigid supervision, in order to ensure that they did not live as they liked. Until now the received reading of the law has not gone to this length. In 1873, when the law was applied to Rome, the Report of the Committee on the Bill put this very clearly. The law, it said, does not interfere with the liberty of religious association. It leaves individuals free to live together as a matter of choice, and only takes away from those who so live any privileges or disabilities that may previously have attached to them. Religious associations have ceased to be corporations specially recognized or protected by the State. That is all that legislation can do in the way of dissolving them. The effect of this treatment was that monks and nuns were given full liberty either to disregard their vows or to keep them. If, on leaving their house, they chose to return to the world, they could do so. If they preferred to live together in private, voluntarily observing the rules by which they had formerly been bound, they could do so. The Legislature wisely restricted its interference to matters on which it knew that it could make itself obeyed. It could turn a famous monastery into a prison or a public office, it could lead the monks to the gate and tell them that the world was again open to them. It could forbid the public collection of alms, and thus largely modify the manner of life of some orders; and all this it did. But it felt a prudent distrust of its power to compel the monks to go back to the civil careers thus offered to them, and a just suspicion that the entire liberty of association on which Italy prides herself would be seriously infringed if the released prisoners were told that they might do anything they liked except make a new prison for themselves.

The result has been that, though the monasteries and convents have been suppressed, monks and nuns continue to live pretty much as they did before the suppression. They have formed themselves into new religious orders, in which the essential elements of the dissolved orders are reproduced. In doing this they have considered that they are simply using the right which belongs to every Italian of associating himself with every other Italian for any purposes not forbidden by law. The law in Italy does not forbid prayer, or almsgiving, or charitable works, or a life of chastity; and a community associated for the common pursuit of these objects has been supposed to be beyond the reach of prohibition. Accordingly, the generals of the several orders have treated the suppression of religious houses as a mere suspension of the obligations created by monastic vows. The scattered bees were to unite as soon as a new hive could be provided for them. The spiritual censures which would formerly have been pronounced on the monk or nun who escaped from a religious house were now pronounced on the monk or nun who, having the opportunity, declined to enter anew into a religious house. This fact, added to the fact that monastic vows are constantly being taken for the first time, is naturally excessively irritating to the extreme Radicals. They greatly dislike being forced to admit that the Church and human nature together have been too strong for them. It is a part of their creed that monastic institutions are the creation of force, and that, unless protected by the civil power, they must necessarily languish. No man wants to become a monk; no woman wants to become a nun. Consequently those who have become so must have been the victims of ecclesiastical or family coercion, and as soon as their chains are snapped they will gladly avail themselves of their restored freedom. There is no room in this theory for the case of a man or a woman who wishes to become a monk or a nun, or who, being a monk or a nun, wishes to remain one. Unfortunately it has turned out that such men and women exist in great numbers, and that a place in the Radical theory has somehow to be found for them. The character assigned to these inconvenient persons does more credit to the ingenuity of the Radicals than to their tolerance. They have decided that a monk or a nun is to be regarded as a common enemy, as the sworn foe of civil society, of public law, of human nature itself. As such they can claim no forbearance at the hands of the State. Wherever they are known to exist they may be, and ought to be, rooted out as conspirators against the common weal. This has long been a popular doctrine with the extreme Radicals, but until now there has been no sign of its finding favour with the Government. Signor NICOTERA's Circular seems to indicate a complete change of policy in this respect.

It begins by reciting the growth of religious houses since 1866, and the general belief that such houses are protected by the law establishing complete liberty of association in Italy. This belief, it goes on to say, cannot be accepted without some reserves. The question of religious associations is one of great delicacy and difficulty, and neither Parliament nor political science has said its last word on it. It then appears that Signor NICOTERA is not at present prepared with this last word; but, as he wishes nevertheless to make a fresh attack upon monastic institutions, he sets up a distinction between what he calls true religious associations and those which are called convents. He admits that the two have a certain superficial resemblance, and if you only looked at the points which are common to both, you might almost think they were identical. Really, however, they are very different. Convents are associations of a special and permanent kind. They have a discipline of their own, and a hierarchy of their own. They are connected with similar institutions in other countries by a strict unity of end and action. There is nothing temporary or changeable about them. They do not readily lend themselves to the surveillance of the State. They are subject to a supreme ecclesiastical authority; and this, with the relations between the Italian State and the Chief of the Church what they are, constitutes a serious peril. It is not only the nature of their organization that makes it impossible for the State so tolerate them. The ends to which the organization is directed are equally objectionable. They are opposed to the progressive temper of the age, and to the spirit of Italian institutions. There is no doubt, therefore, the Circular concludes, that associations of this kind are contrary to law, and that they may be, and ought to be, suppressed.

The first reflection suggested by Signor NICOTERA's reasoning is the extreme futility of the effort to prevent free agents from living together in whatever manner they think best. The ingenuity of the Italian police may be great, but the ingenuity of the ecclesiastical authorities will certainly be greater. What, for example, is to prevent a number of ladies from living together in a boarding-house? When they appear in the street, they may be scarcely distinguishable from other women; but indoors they choose to wear strange clothes, to eat strange food, to get up and go to bed at strange hours, and to pass a great deal of their time in a room which they call the oratory. The essence of the monastic vow may be preserved under these circumstances, and a dispensation from the general will cover every case of necessary breach. The only difference between a convent of this sort and one of the convents which Signor NICOTERA says must be suppressed will be that the new state of things will have a flavour of persecution about it which will make it decidedly more exciting to the inmates. Life in a religious house has probably its dull side, and the sense of being watched by the police, the doubts whether it is better to defy inquiry by drawing the blinds down or to disarm it by leaving them up, the consideration what changes can be introduced into the habit of the order so as to exempt it from the sumptuary law which Signor NICOTERA will probably introduce, will greatly contribute to make this dull side less oppressive. The Government may of course give profound offence to the inmates and to all their relations by insisting on every room in the boarding-house being open to police inspection; but this will only constitute a new mortification, and mortification is part of the daily life of a religious house. Perhaps the Government will begin by declaring that association even in a boarding-house is illegal, unless the inmates swear that they are not members of a religious order. But it will be too ridiculous to apply this to every boarding-house in Italy; and if it is only applied to those in which the habits of the inmates are undistinguishable from those of ordinary folk, we may be quite sure that it will not be long before the habits of a religious order are so far assimilated to those of ordinary folk as to defy detection by the police. Any relaxation of the rule that this may necessitate can be atoned for by austerities of other kinds. The struggle is one in which the Government cannot gain a substantial victory, and an apparent victory will be rendered worse than valueless by the passions and heartburnings which the new administration of the law will certainly arouse.

#### THE RADSTOCK ACCIDENT.

IT is certainly desirable that railway servants should not escape punishment when their negligence has been the immediate cause of an accident; but few things are less satisfactory than a verdict of manslaughter returned against them by a Coroner's jury. It is rarely easy to get rid of the conviction that the right persons are not about to be put on their trial. There is some *prima facie* evidence of course of some disregard of rules or of some non-performance of duties which has led to the disaster. But something has usually come out in the course of the inquest which conveys the idea that this disregard of rules has not been quite unknown to their employers, or that this non-performance of duties may be partly due to the physical impossibility of performing them. The example that most readily suggests itself is the case of a man who has given a wrong signal. Here there is to all appearance a perfectly plain case of default. The directions about signalling are minute and precise. The offender can have no doubt about what he has to do under every varying emergency. Each indication that reaches him from the next signal station is provided for in his instructions, and he has only to follow them literally to make an accident almost impossible. Yet, in spite of this apparatus of precaution, blunders in signalling are the most constant and prolific source of railway slaughter, and every now and then it comes out that the interpretation of directions, to follow which needs an attention kept constantly on the stretch, is confided to men who have been on duty for ten or twelve or fourteen hours at a time. The servant who, under these circumstances, disobeys unmistakable orders is technically guilty of manslaughter, but the persons who are really guilty of it are the directors or proprietors who insist on employing one man where it would take two to do the work properly. A signal might as well be left to manage itself as be confided to the hands of a man whose brain is dull from want of sleep, or confused by the performance hour after hour of a mechanical but exhausting occupation. To employ a servant under circumstances which are sure to produce one or other of these mental states is worse than to employ no one. If it were known that signals were not to be expected, the drivers would learn to depend in some degree on their own quickness of observation; but when signals are in operation, the drivers ought to be entirely and necessarily guided by the information conveyed by them. It is sometimes argued that the public have no more business to have an opinion upon the terms of the contract between a Railway Company and its servants than upon the terms of the contract between any other employer and workman. No one is compelled to be a railway clerk or a railway porter; and, if a man chooses to take service in either capacity, the number of hours during which he is to work is as much a matter for arrangement between him and the Company as the number of shillings which he is to receive for his labour. This would be true if nobody but himself were to be injured by excess of work. But, when the lives of railway passengers depend upon the competent discharge of the duties laid upon him, the public have the best possible right to be heard upon the subject. They have practically no option as to whether they will travel by rail. In the great majority of cases they must either do that or stay at home. The absence of competition, which thus restricts their choice, is the result of legislation; and, when Parliament makes over a virtually exclusive right of carrying the public, it is certainly justified in requiring that the conditions under which the Companies hire their servants shall not be inconsistent with the safety of those whom they convey.

The Coroner's jury in the Radstock railway accident have added to their verdict of manslaughter against the telegraph clerk at Wellow, and their censure of the station-master at Wellow, and the crossing-agent at Glastonbury, certain remarks upon the management of the Somerset and Dorset line. They observe that the general superintendence of the line is open to severe blame, that the rules and the practice do not agree with one another, that the servants employed are not efficient, that discipline is not maintained, and that the traffic generally is worked under conditions which are wholly inconsistent with the safety of the public. In summing up the evidence, the CORONER had stated that there had not been one single rule referred to during the inquiry which had not been proved to be constantly and systematically ignored and violated. With this heavy indictment hanging over the Company, it will



be no easy matter to determine the precise degree of criminality that attaches to the telegraph clerk. The authorities who allow a rule to be broken when they have both the knowledge that it is broken and the power to compel its observance are morally responsible for all the consequences that may follow from its violation. The criminal law does not go this length, but the conduct of the superior officers will probably be taken into account when estimating the prisoner's guilt. The charge of systematic violation of rules may be resolved into two heads—the absence of proper control, and the absence of any effective intention that the rules shall be observed. The former is of course a grave fault in the administration of a line. There are only two ways in which the lives and limbs of the passengers by railway can be made reasonably secure. One is to employ none but thoroughly competent servants who can be trusted to obey rules without any supervision being exerted over them; the other is, to employ thoroughly competent overseers to see that the less competent servants employed in subordinate situations observe the rules. The immense expense of the former process will always prevent its being resorted to; but this only makes it the more incumbent upon Railway Companies not to neglect the latter process. According to the CORONER, there has been great laxity of discipline both at Wellow and at Glastonbury, “in relation not only to printed rules, but also to other matters of equally serious importance.” Where there is great laxity of discipline we may be quite sure that there will be equal laxity in the conduct of those over whom discipline ought to be, but is not, exercised. Where the superior officers in a service neglect their duty, the subordinates will, as a matter of course, neglect theirs. It ought to be impossible for any railway servant to go on disobeying rules without his neglect coming under the notice of some one in authority, and leading to severe reprimand, if not to immediate dismissal.

There is probably, however, a graver charge than this to be brought against the management of the Somerset and Dorset line. The crying sin of Railway Companies is that they make rules without any intention of their being observed. This is seen in every part of railway administration. Few persons can have waited long at a station without being reduced to reading the various directions to passengers and servants which are posted up in the booking-offices and on the platforms. The chances are that there will not be one of the rules thus displayed that is not being broken under the reader's eyes. He is smoking as he studies them, though not in a place set apart for that purpose. He has taken his ticket long after the train is due, though the doors of the booking-office are supposed to have been closed. He fees the porter without any fear that the man will be dismissed in consequence. He is motioned to cross the line to get to his train, notwithstanding the printed order to use the bridge. These things may be trifles in themselves, but they indicate the mode in which rules are regarded on the line. It is impossible to bedeck railway stations with injunctions and prohibitions that have no meaning, and yet to maintain in the minds of the Company's servants a feeling that rules are meant to be obeyed, and that disobedience to them will infallibly bring misfortune with it. The impression conveyed by some of these notices is that they are simply designed to hold the Company harmless in case any harm comes of their being disregarded. A direction to go over a bridge is permanent evidence that the Company is not responsible for any disaster that may befall the traveller who takes a short cut across the rails. But the practice of every official, from the station-master downwards, has always been to disregard the bridge, and the chance passenger knows no reason why he should be wiser than the servants of the Company. It is probable, to say the least, that rules which are made for the staff are no more meant to be obeyed than rules which are made for the public. They are there for the same purpose—to be produced when necessary. They are intended to impress, not so much the Company's servants, as Government Inspectors and Coroners' juries. The signalman may have been told by his immediate superior that such and such a rule was not intended to be obeyed at the very moment when the rule was first shown him. Perhaps the work assigned to each servant may be practically incompatible with a strict observance of rules. The man cannot do what he is ordered to do under pain of dismissal, unless he sets the regulations of the Company at defiance. It would be of no use for him to pit the rules of the Company against the orders of a superior official.

The answer would immediately be given—If you find the rules and your work incompatible, we can find abundance of people who are willing to reconcile the seeming contradiction. The whole question is one that deserves more attention than it has commonly met with.

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, which at first promised to be of a very dull and humdrum character, has since been marked by what, in connexion with such a body, must be regarded as a rather startling exhibition. There have been for some years past uncomfortable symptoms of a decline of scientific intelligence and respectability on the part of the Association. When it was first started it was composed almost exclusively of real men of science, who confined their attention to their own subjects, treating them according to sound scientific rules and methods. In the course of time, however, the annual gathering of the Association has been gradually assuming the character of a mere popular entertainment, the serious advancement of science being more or less sacrificed to the tastes of a mixed public collected for a holiday, and bent upon amusement rather than instruction. Science within its legitimate limits was found to be too dry for the multitude, and something more attractive had to be provided in order to draw those large audiences and subscriptions by which the success of the meetings is now chiefly measured. Various new Sections were established for the purpose of discussing questions of social and even domestic economy, having nothing on earth to do with science, properly so-called; vague theorizing on obscure problems of political economy was set up as a legitimate function of the British Association, to the great satisfaction of the numerous crotchet-mongers who have a passion for hearing themselves talk, and for that hazy-minded part of the public which takes pleasure in fancying itself scientific when it is only stupid and prosy. The introduction of anthropology was a particularly dangerous step, for it opened the door for all sorts of idle twaddle and crazy speculation. Even those, however, who foresaw and regretted the false position into which the Association was drifting must have been surprised to observe the depths of folly and quackery into which it has at last sunk. To some extent this may be explained as the result of a secret combination which was sprung upon the assembly. A number of leading Spiritualists had apparently given themselves a rendezvous at Glasgow, determined to foist their delusions within the precincts of science, or at least what thoughtless people might regard as such. When this design began to be suspected, it was received with so much disfavour among the more rational party in the Association, that it was thought desirable to bring the thing forward in disguise. Among other papers on the list of the Anthropological Section was one vaguely entitled “Some Phenomena associated with Abnormal Conditions of Mind.” This is perhaps, in a sense, not a bad description of Spiritualist tricks; but it may be doubted whether it was a fair method of introducing a notorious topic. The secret, however, seems to have leaked out, for at the appointed time this Section was crowded, whilst the others were left bare of auditors; and it is to be feared that this triumph of quackery over science may have the effect of confirming the managers of the show in their leaning to sensational displays.

The question so mysteriously started was introduced by Professor BARRETT, who made some very wonderful statements as to what he had himself witnessed in the way of “abnormal conditions of mind” on the part of some children in Westmeath who were experimented on. The children were placed in a quiet room, and made to look at some small object steadily, and it was found that one or other amongst them readily passed into a state of reverie. In that state they could be made, we are told, to utter the most extravagant statements, such as that the table was a mountain, a chair a pony, a mark on the floor an insuperable obstacle. In Ireland perhaps the faculty of believing extravagant assertions is more fully developed than elsewhere; but this is the least of the marvels brought forward. It seems that the children adopted by sympathy all the feelings and emotions of the operator. If he tasted salt or sugar, smelt or touched anything, or experienced any sudden sensation of warmth or cold, they felt, or said they felt, exactly the same.

One child had never been out of the village; but she gave, in answer to a question, a vivid description of Regent Street. Professor BARRETT did not go so far as to attribute these things to Spiritualism, but he urged that they deserved the attention of the scientific world; and he also made the same plea on behalf of the feats of Mr. HOME and other professional mediums. He further quoted Sir J. HERSCHEL's saying, "The natural philosopher should believe all things 'not improbable, hope all things not impossible'; and asked whether it was not possible that there might be some foundation for the stories which were current of the occasional irruptions of the supernatural into the present physical universe. It is needless to say that the general principle laid down by Sir J. HERSCHEL, though reasonable enough in itself, is not to be taken in an absolute form, but is accompanied by various qualifications. Investigation, to be of any use, naturally implies a certain openness of mind; but science would of course be an absurdity if it required an implicit belief in things merely because they were probable or possible. What is constantly left out of account as of no moment by the supporters of Spiritualism is that their alleged facts are in flat contradiction to all the experience and knowledge of the great body of mankind, and that it is impossible to reconcile faith in both systems. Accordingly sensible people naturally prefer to adhere to those principles which have the greater amount of authority and prescription at their back. Professor BARRETT complained that, though facts such as he had mentioned had been testified to by hundreds of witnesses, including many scientific men, they were not treated seriously; but it must be remembered that these facts, in so far as they are admitted, are limited to this—that certain persons think they saw certain apparitions, or underwent certain influences. The theory that such things are due to spiritual forces is not in any sense a fact; and Mr. WALLACE, the Chairman, begged the whole question when he called the Professor's paper "a record of 'facts.'"

Some idea of the sort of facts which were thought good enough in a scientific inquiry of this kind may be gathered from subsequent speeches. One gentleman said he did not exactly believe in Spiritualism, but he could not account for the extraordinary proceedings of his own family, who were in the habit of using the *planchette*, and getting answers from it to all kinds of questions. His eldest daughter, seventeen years old, was, he said, evidently the one whose presence was chiefly necessary for the success of the *séances*; but two of his sons had the power in a less degree. No information of the slightest value or interest, nor any answer not within the mental range of the persons present, was ever given. Sometimes rude figures, such as a child might draw, were scribbled by the pencil, but they were always "meaningless and had no reference to the questions 'asked.'" The character of a family absorbed in such idle and ridiculous pursuits may easily be inferred, and supplies a sufficient explanation to the mystery. Another great authority on what are called the facts of Spiritualism also gave some striking evidence. He could bear testimony, he said, to the power of reverie; for since he came to the Association he had fallen into a state of reverie in the Reception Room, and he afterwards identified a man whom he wanted to know, but whom he had never seen, by spiritual consciousness alone. Headed that in the case of any persons with whom he sympathized, he could always tell at any moment what they were about when they were absent and even at a distance, and not in any way in communication with him except through sympathy. He had a friend, and when his friend wanted him he knew it instinctively, and went to him, even though he did not know his address. One night he went to bed, and saw a light on the wall, and a writing which was a message from his friend, indicating what assistance he should give him in a course of lectures; and he followed this advice, and the result was that his friend's lectures were very successful. A Glasgow clergyman here interposed to make the innocent and just remark, apparently much called for by the outrageous nonsense already spoken, that science, rightly defined, ought to be certainty, and this was what was wanting on the present occasion. Upon which the Chairman, who is an uncompromising Spiritualist, said he could only listen to facts, and received the prompt and conclusive answer from the speaker, "I am a fact." Here, indeed, in the flesh, was a real and very substantial fact—a man who might be taken as a sample of ordinary humanity, whose common sense led him to see that such "facts" as the Spiritualists adduce are

contrary to everything up to the present moment known as science.

Dr. CARPENTER, having been referred to in the course of the discussion, interposed to explain his views, which seem to have been very much misrepresented in some of the reports, where he is said to have rather countenanced Spiritualism. As far as we can see, all he said was that he had never pronounced the alleged facts to be absolutely impossible, but had only said that the Spiritualist theory on which they were explained was not proved. He distinctly stated that he admitted a reserve of possibility, and had offered that if Dr. SLADE, the latest practitioner in spiritual wonders, would come to his house and make his tables and chairs jump, and write on slates not previously prepared, he would give him a clear field for the display of his powers; but, if the Doctor would not do these things except on his own ground and with his own apparatus—that is to say, with chairs and tables which were not allowed to be handled or tested, and with slates which might have been previously written on, and the writing apparently sponged out, but ready to appear again—then he should continue to have his doubts. This seems to be the common sense of the matter. It may be true that Spiritualism has never had a fair and thorough scientific examination; but that is simply because it has always resisted and repudiated the essential conditions of scientific investigation. If an alleged law of nature is true, it ought to be capable of clear demonstration in the open daylight, without a special selection of witnesses and time for previous preparation. The chief fact about Spiritualist effects is that they are never performed in a straightforward, open way, like any honest experiment. They are either done in the dark, or only before known believers and confederates, or within a special place specially prepared; and even when they are done in the daylight, the operator is full of tricks to distract attention, and to produce mysterious bewilderment. Dr. CARPENTER says very truly that medical men are perfectly familiar with the extraordinary tendency of all sorts of people to deception, and especially young women. Every doctor knows that, for the sake of becoming objects of interest and acquiring a sort of romantic distinction, young ladies invent or manufacture illnesses, and take delight in deceiving people. The truth is that the passion both for humbugging and being humbugged is a very widespread one in human nature; and there is no impostor, however vulgar and clumsy, who cannot muster round him a fair circle of weak-minded dupes or confederates whose vanity or interest leads them to cultivate distinction in this way.

Take these facts, which are really facts—that spiritual manifestations are never heard of except in a select company in a private room, and under circumstances in which almost any amount of trickery may be practised; that the voices of the spirits usually talk nonsense and bad grammar; and that there has never been a single occasion on which their supposed communications have been of the slightest value—and it will be seen how absurd it is to say that such things deserve scientific investigation. There is nothing which HOME does that HOUDIN, or other honest jugglers, have not done; and if any one believes that it is physically possible for a man to shorten or elongate himself, to put hot coals on his head without burning himself, or to fly through the air, as Mrs. GUPPY pretends to have done—this is one of Mr. WALLACE's proved "facts," for the good lady came down on his head and damaged it with the heels of her boots—all we can say is that the counterpart of such a proposition is that science, as hitherto understood, has all along been hopelessly wrong. Miss BECKER, who says she does not quite believe in Spiritualism, seems to believe in spirit-rapping, but draws the line at a spirit eating and drinking. But if you once begin to believe there is nowhere to stop; and there is no reason why a spirit which performs feats of athleticism should not take a hearty meal. Indeed we must say that one of the few things which reconcile us to these strange visitors is Miss BECKER's story of one who at a Christmas gathering called out for a bottle of whisky and hot water. This is better than having your cheeks slapped or your head battered with banjos. There can be no doubt that nervous excitement is a strange complaint, and that there is a subtle connexion between mind and body which occasionally leads to amazing delusions or eccentricities; but these can be, and have been, tested by regular methods. As far as the illustrations of imbecile credulity and mad delusion which were exhibited at the British Association are concerned, there is



nothing new in them. There have been similar cases in all ages. The other day a working-man applied to one of the London magistrates to protect him against the spirits, who, he said, sometimes bumped him up and sometimes down, and sat on his head. There are plenty of people of the same sort to be examined, if it would serve any purpose. Of course Mr. CROOKES and Dr. WALLACE are not of this class; but it is well known that scientific knowledge is a great snare when applied in an unscientific manner. The most perfect logic will not serve a man who starts from a false premiss. On the whole, sober human experience is the safest guide in this, as in most things. The moral of the whole affair is summed up in ROBERT STEPHENSON'S remark to the man who used to bother him about perpetual motion:—"If you will take yourself up by the belly-band of your breeches and carry yourself round the room, I will consider the matter."

#### ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

THE melancholy accident near Zermatt once more calls attention to the conditions under which Alpine adventure is justifiable. Nothing is easier, as nothing is more futile, than to repeat the ordinary string of commonplaces which may be advanced by the climbers or their opponents. The impossibility of settling the matter by any such offhand process is manifest from the simple consideration that it is obviously a question of degree. Nobody will say that every sport which involves any danger whatever should be suppressed, or we should have to begin by putting down bathing, to say nothing of skating-rinks; nor will any one maintain, on the other hand, that a sport should be encouraged whatever the amount of risk encountered. There is a limit beyond which the pursuit of pleasure, whether of the purely athletic or the more intellectual varieties, becomes foolhardy and even criminal. If it could be shown that mountaineering necessarily involved risks of this excessive character, it ought to be discouraged. But, without reopening a question which has been sufficiently discussed, we may assume that this is not the case. With due precautions, the lover of healthy exercise in noble scenery may gratify his tastes without more serious risks than are run in shooting, bathing, or hunting. We do not therefore refer to the recent accident in order to defend or attack Alpine travellers, but with a view to a more practical question. What light does it throw, if any, upon the nature of the precautions to be adopted by sensible people? Men will still climb the Alps, and probably would do so even if we were to express unqualified disapproval of the practice; but something may perhaps be done to encourage a right estimate of the nature and extent of their responsibilities.

A letter which appeared in the *Times* shortly before the accounts of the calamity in question described a performance which to most people will seem far more dangerous than that which has led to so lamentable a result. Three English gentlemen made an ascent of the Matterhorn without guides. The Matterhorn is the most imposing, and is generally supposed to be the most dangerous, mountain in the Alps. To go without guides is to neglect one of the most recognized precautions; and, if an accident had happened to the party, nobody can doubt that both the Zermatt guides and a good many English critics would have exclaimed, "Serve you right," or, "We told you so." On the other hand, the pass on which the recent accident happened presents no particular difficulty; the party had a sufficient force of guides, and we have no doubt that, if they had asked the advice of the most cautious member of the Alpine Club before starting, he would have ridiculed the very notion of danger. Expeditions of equal danger, such as the Col du Géant, the Weisathor, or the Straleck, are made every day during the season by inexperienced tourists and ladies as well as by the initiated, and no more anxiety is felt on such occasions than if the travellers were starting by a Great Western express.

This, it may be said, proves simply the fallacy of judging by the result. It is of course possible that a man may do a very dangerous thing and escape, as it is possible that he may do a very safe thing and meet with an accident. To argue backwards from the fact of escape to the inference that the risk ought to have been run is as absurd as would be the inverse argument, that, because a man was killed in a railway accident, he was foolhardy in travelling by the train. And, indeed, if we were to lay down a hard and fast rule, we should certainly be bound to say that an ascent of the Matterhorn without guides was incomparably more dangerous than the passage of an ordinary glacier with guides. We must, however, look a little further. The truth is that in these matters it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule; and the attempt to do so is likely to lead to very serious misconceptions.

Thus, for example, it is fallacious to talk about the Matterhorn or about any mountain in the Alps as absolutely dangerous. There are times when Mont Blanc, or even the Faulhorn, is far more dangerous than the Matterhorn; as there are times when the case is reversed. Everything in the mountains depends upon two conditions. The first is the state of the snow and the weather. The humblest of mountains is at times made dangerous by avalanches; the most towering is comparatively safe in settled

summer weather. The second thing upon which safety depends is the composition of the party. Good guides are greatly superior to any amateurs, because they have been gaining experience from their infancy; but a good guide with a weak or clumsy traveller is more exposed to risk than a couple of competent amateurs. Now, as one of the party very sensibly explained in his letter to the *Times*, the gentlemen who ascended the Matterhorn were thoroughly trained and experienced mountaineers. If not equal to guides, they were fully justified in trusting to their powers of endurance and their capacity for surmounting any of the difficulties—not very serious in fine weather—which are to be encountered on the Matterhorn. Assuming, further (a very important point), that they could fairly trust in themselves to retreat in case of unexpected difficulties, we see no reason for doubting that the expedition was compatible with real prudence. In one way such a party is even safer than a party of the ordinary kind, inasmuch as it is pretty certain that every member of it will have his faculties at their full stretch, and that there is little risk, at any rate, of sheer carelessness. We are so far from blaming such performances that we hold that some of the greatest pleasures of Alpine travelling are only obtainable by men who can dispense with guides on occasion. If, however, travellers were to generalize the rule, and assume that, because these exceptionally able climbers had performed the feat safely under favourable conditions, it could be repeated by less competent persons without careful forethought, we should confidently anticipate a series of bad accidents. This particular party may have been perfectly justified; but the precedent must be accepted with many reservations.

If now we turn to the other case, we may once more repeat that, in our judgment, the travellers were guilty of no imprudence. Probably hundreds of expeditions might be and have been undertaken under precisely similar circumstances, without leading to a similar misfortune. We are not, indeed, acquainted with the character of the guides; but, assuming them to have been up to the average, and, as local men, fairly acquainted with the general nature of the ground, we cannot see how the severest judge could find fault with their employers, if he admits of mountaineering under any circumstances. Are we, then, to regard the accident as one of those which must happen occasionally, and which imply no blame to any one concerned? It would perhaps be premature to answer this question confidently without some further details; but the narrative certainly suggests very strongly that the guides were not as cautious as they should have been. There is no danger in the Alps which is better understood, and against which men of any experience are more anxiously on their guard, than the danger from avalanches. When loose snow is lying upon ice at a steep angle, it requires no great knowledge of the mountains to recognize the danger. And the danger is of the worst kind. No amount of experience, that is, will enable any man to guess at what moment the snow may be set in motion, and no amount of skill can save a party once enveloped in its fall. The avalanche started, it is as impossible to struggle against it as to swim up a waterfall. The moral is obvious, that no one should cross a snowslope in such a condition unless under absolute compulsion. The guides appear to have lost their way—a mistake for which they should not be severely blamed, for even an excellent guide may get out of the precise path when surrounded by fogs. But the presumption is that they could have retraced their steps rather than venture upon so dangerous a place; and, if they could, they certainly ought to have done so. This is, naturally enough, one of the mistakes which an average guide is much inclined to make; for it wants some moral courage to avoid it. He sees perhaps that a few steps will put the party in safety and on the right track, and grudges the labour involved in making a long retreat, besides feeling a natural anxiety not to annoy an employer who is probably not equally alive to the danger. We would not therefore blame the guides too severely, even if no other excuse can be offered. They did what has been done often enough without any fatal result, and one of them has paid for his carelessness with his life. There is at any rate no question here of such blame as is incurred when a guide consults his own safety at the expense of his companions; and the survivor of the accident appears to have shown courage and devotion. Still it seems most probable that the guides in this case committed a distinct offence against one of the best understood laws of the mountaineers' craft; and, unless some new circumstances should appear, it seems to be impossible to acquit them of carelessness.

The question remains, whether in blaming the guides we do not blame the travellers. Upon our showing, a fairly competent guide may sometimes commit an error which will have fatal consequences. It may be inferred that a man should not entrust himself to fairly competent guides even for an ordinary expedition. The inference would be legitimate if we thought it practicable to lay down any rule which should exclude all possibility of accident. That, unfortunately, is just what we hold to be impracticable. A man may be killed, as two men were killed last year, in simply going to look at a glacier at a point visited by hundreds or thousands of tourists every summer. He may be killed, as another man was killed, in riding along a frequented path on one of the most hackneyed of Swiss mountains. And, in the same way, he runs a certain, though a very small, risk in crossing an ordinary pass with duly qualified guides. Cases may arise, that is, which will even then expose him to fatal accidents; but we should certainly hold that, as in the case we are discussing, he has done everything that even scrupulous prudence requires. All that can be said is that such a case illustrates once more the truth, so important for an

Alpine traveller, that danger is everywhere about his path which may become serious and real on a momentary relaxation of caution; and that, moreover, no more definite rule can be given for avoiding it than the rule that it diminishes in proportion to the skill and care employed. To take good guides is an excellent rule for inexperienced travellers, and in most places sufficiently good guides can be found; but all guides are liable to occasional lapses, and under certain conditions such lapses may have fatal consequences. The chief practical moral, therefore, from the case before us is the importance of doing what can be done to keep up a standard amongst the guides which may justify the confidence necessarily reposed in them. For all but a very small class of travellers the high Alps are only accessible with the help of guides, upon whose skill and presence of mind the safety of the party constantly depends. The traveller, again, must take such guides as are offered to him, and the field of choice cannot be a large one. On the whole, we may say that in nearly every part of the Alps (there is, we fear, an exception or two), the guides deserve the confidence they receive. Every now and then an accident, such as that at Zermatt, shows how serious may be the consequences of even a momentary failure of judgment. Some cases, happily very rare, may suggest the worse imputations of cowardice or incompetence. In this case, so far as we can see, the error, lamentable as were its results, was not one which would justify any severity of blame. It implies nothing worse than a momentary rashness. Still it illustrates the importance of keeping the guides up to the mark, though the further question of how that is to be done is one which we cannot touch at present.

#### CRAZY CORRESPONDENCE.

It is said that Prime Ministers and others who stand out specially before the eyes of mankind have a special box or pigeon-hole in which they lay aside their "crazy correspondence." And it is further said that the correspondence so laid aside fills, in bulk at least, a very respectable part of the great man's letter-bag. It is certain that any man who gets the least reputation in any way, especially if he brings himself into public notice about any great public question, is sure to be at once overwhelmed with a mass of correspondence as crazy as any that can be sent to any Prime Minister. The writings of crazy correspondents fall under several heads. There is first the style of letter, or circular, or communication of any kind, which is simply and purely crazy, which has no point whatever, no special reference to the person to whom it is sent. Such correspondents are those who send little diagrams to prove that the sun is only a very little way from the earth, which diagrams they say have altogether puzzled—as it is only natural that they should—the chief philosophers of Oxford and Cambridge. But the greater and the more important part of the crazy correspondence of any man who attracts crazy correspondence is more special to himself. First come the class of people whose craziness is not fully developed, who still have some kind of intelligible object in what they write. This class shades off by very gentle degrees from the positively crazy to the simply impertinent. A man is supposed to be a master of a certain subject, and people whom he never heard of write to him to tell them something which they have nothing to do but to look in his books and find for themselves. These last are simply impertinent, and may be ranked along with those who write for autographs. The two classes, in fact, are very nearly the same, as we may suspect that letters of this kind are often written simply in the hope of getting an answer to keep as an autograph. But these, who at least have some method in their madness, gradually shade off into a class whose craze is one of the strangest. They do not write to an author simply to get his autograph, or simply because they grudge the cost of buying his book or the trouble of reading it—not at all. They write in perfect good faith; they have bought and read and admired; only they want to have some little private revelation to themselves beyond what the book makes known to mankind in general. They write to ask what kind of looking man the hero of a great battle may have been, or what kind of weather it was on the day of the battle itself. This kind of question certainly shows that some men must have a very strange notion of the way in which history is written. They do not stop to think that, if a man who writes a minute account of a battle had any evidence as to the state of the weather at the time, he would certainly not leave out so important a part of his picture. The state of mind of a writer who would keep back such a fact from the mass of his readers, but would at the same time be willing to admit some perfectly unknown person into his confidence on the subject, would surely be as crazy as that of any of his correspondents. Yet such a state of mind must be taken for granted by the correspondent who assumes that the author can and will tell him things privately which he either could not or would not put in his book. The truth is that there are many people who really have not the faintest notion of the way in which history is written, who have no idea whatever of the nature of the materials for history. They seem to think that the historian writes by some kind of intuition or divination or inspiration. It is something quite new to them that he has his authorities before him, and that he can say nothing but what he finds in his authorities. It never comes into their heads that, if no contemporary writer says anything about the weather on the day of a certain battle, the modern historian has no means of

finding out what the weather was. It seems to his correspondent that he may possibly have forgotten to think about the weather, but that, if his attention is once drawn to the point, he must be able to say something about it. A trifle crazier than this are the people who write to a man who is supposed to be master of one subject to tell them something about matters which belong to some quite different subject. This is part of the vulgar error that, because a man knows one thing, he must therefore know everything else—an error which is not more irrational and much more amiable than the opposite error of believing that, because a man knows one thing, he therefore can know nothing else.

Now it may ever and anon happen to any real inquirer into a subject, even to any scholar of the highest order, to wish to have some point resolved which cannot be so well resolved as by some other scholar with whose writings he is familiar, but of whom he has no personal knowledge. No one can have given his life to reading and writing without now and then both sending and receiving letters of this kind; but then this is something quite different from crazy correspondence. It supposes a kind of knowledge, though not a personal knowledge, on each side, and questions of this kind, put soberly and with a rational object, have often led to personal acquaintance, and sometimes to personal friendship. And besides these there is a class of inquirers whose very earnestness and simplicity plead for them. It would be hard to refuse to help the ingenuous young student, writing perhaps from beyond the sea or beyond the ocean, who asks in all honesty for some piece of real guidance or information from the man whom he has learned to look up to in his writings. This kind of correspondence is not crazy, and it would be harsh to call it impertinent. It is a tribute, a sign of influence, a proof that he to whom it is addressed has really done what he has wished to do, while the purely crazy correspondence is a sign that he has done so only imperfectly. It would be harsh to thwart one who has really understood something in his honest effort to understand something more.

All these different classes naturally sign their names, because all of them, from whatever motives, wish to have answers. But there is another class of correspondents, some of whom may be safely added to the crazy ranks, who, as a rule, would seem not to wish for answers, because their letters are anonymous, with sham signatures or no signatures at all. Sometimes however, with a strange inconsistency, the writer of an anonymous letter expects an answer, and perhaps complains, perhaps crows triumphantly, if he does not get one. Now it does sometimes happen that an anonymous letter is neither crazy nor impertinent. Real pieces of information, suggestions which are really to the point, are now and then given in anonymous letters. But this is quite exceptional; anonymous letters as a rule are either crazy or impertinent. Most commonly they are both at once; they are crazy, but not so utterly crazy as to absolve their writers from the charge of impertinence. Purely literary work does not call out very much of this class of correspondence, but what it does call out is sometimes of the strangest kind. The "young admirer" in a distant land is sometimes balanced by the young enemy, also in a distant land, who is so displeased with the author's treatment of an historical character that he writes to say that he is sharpening a sword wherewith, as soon as he is old enough, he will slay the offender. Almost equally strange in another way is the pertinacity of the man who has got a philological craze, and who, on the strength of it, writes endless letters, with an endless variety of signatures, dated from an endless variety of places, but all of which are proclaimed by the handwriting and style to be the work of the same hand. The craze is the same, but the impertinence becomes a trifle greater, when letters of this kind are addressed, not to the avowed author of a book, but to the supposed author of periodical articles which happen to be displeasing to the owner of the craze. Like all writings of the kind, they do not annoy, though they often amuse, and they always excite a languid curiosity to know what kind of man he can be who has so little to do with his time that he can spend a good deal of it in writing letters which he must see have no kind of effect. The craze remains unheeded; the writer before whom it is so often set remains as unconverted as he was at the beginning. It is most amusing of all when the crazy correspondent, in some lucid moment, tells scholar A. that he is quite hopeless, and that he will for the future write to scholar B. instead. But the first love is still uppermost, and, after a few letters to B., he turns round again to write a second series to A. Of all the queer items which go to make up the revenue of the United Kingdom, surely none is queerer than the income which comes from the postage stamps thus hopelessly wasted by crazy correspondents.

So much for crazy correspondence on matters purely literary. But the depth and mystery of the whole thing increases a thousandfold when the subject of correspondence is not purely literary, but political. Setting aside Prime Ministers and other great leaders, as too high for us, a man whose name is in the least known cannot stir at all prominently in a political question without at once feeling the result, not only in the swollen size of his letter-bag, but in the increased strangeness of its contents. We set aside letters from friends, letters which, though from strangers, are in any way invited, and letters which, from whatever quarter they come, contain any reasonable information or suggestion. All these are in their measure welcome, even though they may be a little overwhelming in point of number. The really strange thing is the kind of letters which seem to have no practical object, the letters which are purely gushing, whether it is with admiration or abuse that they gush over. It betokens a state of mind into which it is



hard to enter—at all events, it is a thing which it would not enter into our own head to do—to sit down and write to a man of whom we have no knowledge, but whose speech or letter we have just read, simply to tell him how much we admire him, or how much we despise him. The admirer of course will always command a certain sympathy from the admired. The admiration may be a little crazy, and there may be so much of it as to be a distinct bore; still, there is after all a pleasant side to the feeling of being admired by anybody. The real puzzle is the kind of letter which gushes over, not from the sweet fountain, but from the bitter. If the writer's object is to give serious annoyance, he utterly fails; he causes a good deal of amusement, some curiosity, but of real annoyance not a jot. The receiver of such letters has so long been used to every degree of praise and blame that he is not greatly set up by praise or greatly set down by blame, unless they come from mouths which speak with unusual authority. What object does a man propose to himself when he sits down to write to any man, above all to a man of some reputation in the world, to tell him, sometimes in decent sometimes in indecent language, how great a knave or fool he must be, and how much better it would be if he would leave off writing such trash as he does write? Does he suppose that such advice will have the least effect? The letter which contains it bears no name at all, or a name which nobody ever heard of before. Alas for the censor! If his warnings are felt to be of any importance at all, it is simply because they are taken as proof that the blow must have hit hard when it causes the party which it was aimed at to yell so loudly. But a distinct feeling of curiosity is awakened. As a contribution to the philosophy of human nature, one would like to know what kind of people they are who write these things, where they live, how they were brought up, whether they have nothing better to do than to write foolish letters, and what object they expect to compass by writing foolish letters. With what purpose does A. B., whom nobody ever heard of, sit down with the air of a master to lecture C. D., whom most people have heard of? If he wishes to cause some amusement and to awaken some curiosity, he certainly succeeds; but that is all. A good deal both of the curiosity and the amusement extends to gushing admirers as well as to gushing enemies. But the position of the gushing admirer is more intelligible, as it is certainly more amiable. The gushing enemy is really so curious a form of humanity that one half wishes to see him in the flesh, and to subject him to a process of mental and moral vivisection.

#### INNOCENCE.

THERE is something so charming in innocence that we are apt to overlook its inconveniences and its dangers. To be innocent is to require perpetual protection and attendance, and to be constantly exposed to the machinations of ill-disposed people. Hence innocence so often figures as injured, and prosaic folk are disposed to look upon it as something very like a vice. We should object to a trial of our national morals such as was implied in the lady's walk bedecked in jewels "rich and rare" through the dominions of King Brian. If she escaped uninjured it was more than she deserved. There are few things more offensive in modern society than the excessive parade of a false innocence which is only ignorance, and which goes about tempting the weak principles of the unregenerate. The old hagiologists missed the point when they made St. Anthony able to resist the charms of a beautiful devil. But when Goethe adds innocence to the charms of the tempter, Faust succumbs to an influence which might as easily have vanquished the hermit. The thing is reduced to an absurdity when we reflect that, to be innocent in the ideal sense, it is needful to be young also, and that an old innocent is Irish or Scotch for an idiot. This ideal simplicity requires the country for its proper display, and is as much out of place in town as would be a grazing meadow in Regent Street. It is impossible in town, not only because of the difficulty of preserving it, but because its charming possessor could not be trusted out of sight, and would require, whenever she took her walks abroad, the attendance of a policeman, and the addition of a pair of winkers to her ordinary costume. Perhaps the brazen or golden ornaments which in the Low Countries some peasant women wear at the sides of their eyes take their rise from such a theory of innocence in the early days of the race. We had once the happiness to know a man who openly declared his intention of marrying a young lady who wore spectacles, in order to see, as he said, what it would be like; but he, too, may have thought that nearsightedness and the wearing of artificial aids to vision would go to the increase of that innocence which he professed to admire. It is a question how far men really do admire innocence. The man who ventures to flirt with an innocent girl does so, as he is aware, at great personal risk. He never knows where she may take him in. He cannot tell when she is serious and when she is in fun; and if he finds any charm in the pursuit, it is that which most men feel in a dangerous adventure. He cannot help constantly fancying that she holds up a mask to disguise her real features, and expecting the mask to be withdrawn; and he is carried away, in spite of himself, from step to step until he cannot retreat. In fact, he cannot believe in the reality of her innocence till it has been removed, and the consequences of its removal are frequently fatal to the happiness of both parties. It is in this way that men make foolish engage-

ments, too often with girls for whom they care but little; and life-long regret, coupled with domestic discord, conjugal indifference, and hundreds of other attendant woes, may too often follow upon a so-called "innocent flirtation."

The true country innocent is a production probably peculiar to our nation and time. She does not exist except in England and some parts of North America. She has not existed even here until lately. Public sights, modes of speech, habits of thought, would have made her impossible a hundred years ago; for even *Clarissa Harlowe* was not innocent according to the modern pattern. She may often be, and sometimes doubtless is, absolutely pure in mind and idea. She knows no evil and thinks none. She is given to blushing, not so much at what is naughty, for that conveys no idea to her mind, as at anything like personal or direct reference to herself, her looks, her accent, her gait, her dress, or her opinion. She is not stupid, for stupidity almost implies ill nature, and ill nature is incompatible with innocence. On the contrary, she is very wide awake, very sensitive, and has, except in matters of right and wrong, about which she knows nothing, a very sound judgment. She pays you little attentions without meaning or effort, remembers whether you take sugar in your tea, what songs you prefer, and how long it is to a day since your last visit. She has not the slightest objection to button your gloves for you—why not? She will put a rose into your coat, and will remember which rose you like best. She will take your arm on the gravel, and sit beside you in the arbour. If your flirtation with her has advanced but a little way, she will openly lay little plots for eluding mamma's vigilance at the picnic, and will beg to sit beside you on the box of the drag. She loves to practise dancing steps with your arm round her waist, and will let you correct her sketches over her shoulder. Unconscious of there being anything odd about it, she will go out with you to see the moon, and will laugh heartily as you tempt her to defy the summons of the prayer-bell. In all this she may not have the slightest wish to catch you; and, when you propose to her, she has not the vaguest idea whether she is in love with you or not. Probably she is startled to hear you talk of such a thing, and, if you ask her directly, will refuse you without hesitation; but the chances are that before you have been long absent she finds her error, and repents when it is too late. Once you break away, her influence is gone in all probability; but, should you return to your devotion, she will accept you at once, and will confide to you without hesitation that she is quite surprised to find how much she likes love-making. But the country innocent is exposed oftentimes to a different kind of danger in matrimony. She is very likely to accept the first offer she gets, and to marry a man merely because she is asked to do so. A short acquaintance suffices for such a match. She is as indifferent to her lover as she can be to a man who has paid her the compliment of wishing to make her his wife; and she surrenders herself without a second thought. Her life must afterwards be full of strange awakenings; but unless, when she knows what love is, she should fail to fall in love with her husband, it need not be an unhappy one. The married innocent is not so much exposed as her unmarried sister to the wiles of Satan, and may continue to carry about with her to the end of her life some fragrance of the paradise from which she came out.

That the modern father should bring up his daughters in this kind of way is very marvellous. He must know that the isolation of the country life cannot last for ever; that, indeed, it is not desirable it should do so. Such a father would cry out in horror at the idea of teaching his girls the most rudimentary principles of physiology, and would be shocked to find that they read *Adam's Bede*. Yet he cannot guard them from the knowledge of the village or parish gossip, and any newspaper may reveal to them all the abominations of our social life. If he can keep them from curiosity as well as from scandal, and can Bowdlerize the Bible and English History as well as Shakespeare, it is well. But if he succeeds in this, all but impossible task, it is only to leave them exposed to temptations of which they know nothing, bound hand and foot by an ignorance of vice. When it is presented to them, they do not recognize it, and fall into any trap that may be laid for them. When the parental care is withdrawn, they are without any safeguard. They can have no conscience about breaking commandments of whose meaning they are ignorant; and every one knows among the circle of his fast acquaintances young ladies who, having been brought up in the strictest of family circles, welcome emancipation with an ardour which is incompatible with dignity, or even with true purity. Ignorance is not principle, nor, on the other hand, is knowledge guilt; but it is too late to inculcate virtue when the pleasantness of wickedness has been inadvertently tasted. Once these passions have been aroused, it is ridiculous to talk of abstract virtue, and there is nothing for it but to fall back on prudence. Such are the morals taught, without intending it, by parents who fancy that ignorance and innocence go hand in hand. Ladies who visit the poor and nurse the sick are not the less models of purity and true innocence. They are not ignorant of the misery, and even the vice, of those to whom they are so kind. They go through it unscathed; not even the smell of fire has passed upon them. But to reach their elevation it is necessary that the modern and, so to speak, bucolic ideal of innocence should have been cast aside. It is not for all to nurse or visit. But no woman can be the worse for a comprehension of the wickedness of vulgar vice, any more than for sympathy with pain and want. A little knowledge on forbidden subjects is not, in the nature of things, to be kept out of young minds. The gossip of the nursery sets little minds speculating, and

reveals many things they need never know. It would be better if children could be kept free from all contamination; but where is that possible? Certainly not where they are left to the society of servants, who, let them be ever so moral and proper themselves, have friends and relations to whom morality is a laughing-stock. As they grow older their heads are filled with longing wonder to pry into the mysteries of life. That secrets have been carefully kept from them they know, but they have no notion of their true nature. Their ideas of immorality are confined to lying, stealing, disobedience, impiety, and such like. Of the ordinary sins of society they know nothing, and there is no occasion that they should know anything positive. There is no need to give a young person the Newgate Calendar in order to make him or her avoid the crimes depicted therein. But a very different kind of knowledge might very well be supplied to them—knowledge that would not injure their purity in the least, but in reality strengthen and guard it. The sins of young people are more often sins of ignorance than of wilfulness. They do not know what they are doing; and so when temptation comes to them they fall an easy prey, and the annals of our social life are enriched year by year with the stories of young people gone astray who never intended, even to the last, to go astray, and whose faults are caused rather by an excessive than by a deficient innocence. We do not wish to see our girls brought up anatomists or lawyers, but it may be questioned whether we are right in keeping them quite in the dark until they are ready to be launched into the full light of modern life to find their way for themselves, dazzled and confused by what they see around them. It may be a question whether, for the sake of securing the very transient charm of modern innocence—a charm only accordant with extreme youth—it is worth while to expose our children to the dangerous results of that blind ignorance on which only it can be founded.

#### TROUVILLE.

WITH a fine extent of firm sand and a good fall everywhere, Trouville should be one of the healthiest and best arranged seaside places in France. As things are, it is unquestionably the gayest in the matter of visitors, the most exorbitant in the matter of prices, but the most abominable in the matter of smells, dirt, and sanitary arrangements. The town itself is ill-constructed and worse kept; each narrow crooked street is in a more neglected condition than its neighbour; and the authorities leave everything to the laws of nature and the caprice of man, apparently not thinking it part of their business to make the place clean, healthy, or sweet. But, on the other hand, there are shops from Paris where everything is stale, and at the least twenty-five per cent. dearer than on the Boulevards; there are fashions invented expressly for Trouville, which is a distinction that has its value; there are men and women whom it would be a compliment to describe as in any way ambiguous; and there is the Casino, where the subscribers can sit and read, drink coffee and dance, play cards and bet on the "little horses," knock up acquaintances and flirt, and which they can turn into a playground for their older children and a nursery for the babies, with all the noise and none of the appliances of those interesting establishments.

The Casino, and the *plage* while bathing is going on, are the two great features of Trouville; and both afford the observer of manners some curious points of interest. In both are to be found, naturally enough, a wide range of character, from respectability pinched into the narrowest sect of Philistinism to the broadest and most full-blossomed Bohemianism—from quiet good breeding and unobtrusive refinement to the loudest vulgarity and showiest finery. They say, indeed, that there are certain fixed characteristics in the visitors according to dates. From the formal opening of the season on the fifteenth of July to the Deauville race week in August the *élégantes* arrive with their best dresses and their finest airs. During the race week there is a crowd of all sorts—*élégantes* bent on amusement, and women of business come to see what they can pick up, *lionsnes* and humbler *cocottes* rubbing shoulders with princes and turfites, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and that gilded youth which is burdened with more gold than wit, and anxious to prove for itself how soon it can get rid of its money as it has already got rid of its brains. After the races come the families with the babies and schoolboys; and in September the *magistrature* and the lawyers. And certainly to those who have gone through the whole of the season the distinctions are plainly marked enough, though there is always that percentage of oddity on the one side, and of Bohemianism on the other, which connects each set with the preceding, and keeps up the character of Trouville for a certain "fastness" which is as much part of its constitution as its bad smells and its filthy streets, its extortionate prices and its daring architecture.

The queerest sights are to be seen during the bathing, if the more serious affairs are transacted at the Casino. The machines are seldom moved from the high ground where they are always ranged; and as the French have no disinclination to bathe at low tide, even on a sandy shore, and as they think nothing of running a couple of hundred yards or more in dripping knickerbockers and eliding *maillot*, in full view of an assembled multitude, it is easy to understand that one sees droll things at times. Women of middle age, "many-fleshed," and from whom all lightness of step has long since departed, walk to and from the sea in short bathing costumes that barely cover their knees, and make a mere frill

round their waists; whilst fathers of families, obese and bald, display their inches in tight-fitting *tricot*, and seem rather proud than not of themselves. Pretty women in their prime, and those only just on the wane, are sure to take the cabins which are nearest to the ropes, and, if they can swim, they swim with their heads towards Villerville; the greater part bathe in hats, some in bathing-caps, and but few "in their hair"—the Frenchwoman believing that sea-water hurts the hair and makes it fall. Here and there, on the hotter days, may be seen men and women holding up huge red or yellow cotton umbrellas, standing tranquilly, like so many cows in a stream, as far as their waists, without the pretence of swimming or ducking; and others think that they have done all that is required of them by the laws of health if they crouch on the sand and scream when a little wave runs over their legs. But there are also some who swim boldly and fearlessly, and who dive from the boats with that grace and ease which are to be had only by long practice. It is hard to believe that these are Frenchwomen; but it is only fair to say that some among them are. At all times, however, there is much to be seen on the *plage* which is both strange to English eyes and amusing, if one is not too fastidious to be amused by a certain *sans façon* which the French suppose that we find "shocking" because they themselves find it "extraordinaire."

At the Casino during the concerts the chief virtue required is patience, if one has not the faculty of abstraction and concentration. No one but here and there a poor stupid enthusiast dreams of attending to the music; and the finest bits of Haydn and Beethoven are played to an audience that talks and laughs in a loud voice, that shuffles and shifts its seats incessantly, and patters across the room in high-heeled boots and rustling silks, and that evidently takes the music to be a kind of screen behind which it is free to chatter to its friends of dress and lovers, home ennui and marital wrong-doings. No one thinks it necessary to keep silence, or even to speak in modest whispers, out of deference to neighbours who may have an honest love for music, and who have come to listen, not to talk; and neither reproving looks nor the more expressive *chut!* has the smallest effect in restraining these irrepressible little magpies. If any one shows annoyance at losing the tender passages and the finer notes, he is to blame for ill-temper and "difficulty of living"—not these others for ill-manners and impertinence. The spectators at the ball which takes place after the evening concert do not talk nearly so much as the audience at the music. But then the dancing is the more interesting and absorbing of the two in the estimation of the world that throngs the Casino; and to see how often that tall fair man dances with the little girl in pink, and if M. *Un Tel* will take possession of the handsome woman in black as he did last night, how the Americans will dance *le Boston*, and if that English girl in the sailor dress will come to grief over the *deux temps*; what are the flirtations going on to night, and who has made acquaintance with whom—all this is more to the purpose than those dull symphonies and sonatas which no one finds amusing; and all this takes up the attention too entirely to allow of much conversation. Thus, the better the concerts—and they are really very good, and quite beyond the audience—the more those who honestly love music suffer by the incessant talking, laughing, and movement of the audience, not to speak of the children who are turned loose into the salon without any one to keep them in order.

How the French manage to rear their children at all is one of the mysteries which English people cannot solve. Little creatures of five and six are to be found in the Casino at eleven o'clock at night; babies that can scarcely walk are taken to the *bal d'enfants*, which begins before the concert, at eight, and does not finish till about half-past nine; they drink sour red wine instead of milk, and dine at seven in the evening. We cannot wonder if, even at the seaside, they have generally a blanched and faded look, while their spindle legs and flat cheeks show how little nature is allowed to do for their physical development. But in all matters of health and personal management the French are generations behind us; and, what with their senseless management of their children, and their superstitious trust in weak tea, without milk or sugar, as a *tisane* which will set everything to rights, it is a marvel that they get on at all. In their dread of fresh air, too, they are second only to the Germans; and their horror of cold water in the morning sounds odd to a nation that "tubs." Their children, who at a very early age share the life of their parents, cannot possibly be robust or rosy; and, after first babyhood, it is an exception to see a well-built, finely developed child, with a clear skin and an unworn face. The miniature men and women who bow, and flirt, and fan themselves, and make coquettish advances, and show their little loves and jealousies in the small salon of the Trouville Casino, are, however, not children in anything but immaturity of reason and physique. They are men and women in little; and the happy, innocent, artless grace natural to childhood may be looked for in vain among the boys and girls of the fashion books, who dance and coquet every evening at hours when our young folks would have been in bed long ago, dreaming of tops and furies, if dreaming at all.

If the visitors to Trouville do not find amusement in the Casino and the *plage* they will be badly off, for there is very little of interest in the neighbourhood. The country is pretty, but by no means enchanting or exciting; and, though sufficiently rich in ordinary wild flowers before the fields are cut for hay, yet the flowers are of no special value and the ferns are very poor. The valley of the Touques is picturesque, but the grand lion of the place, the château de Bonneville or of William the Conqueror, is a ruin that has not



much attraction of any kind. It has a modern house where the farmer lives, and a modern garden whence you can get fruit; but then there is the Tower of the Oath, "where William made Harold swear to help him in the conquest of England"; and the view from the walls left standing is good. Towards Pont l'Évêque is a nice bit of wood called "Le Forêt"; and the road through Honfleur passes through some fairly pleasant villages and picturesque points. But there is nothing to fall in love with; and even the dress of the peasantry is tame and commonplace. It is fast passing into the ordinary dress of women who do not follow the fashions but who have no costume; and even where the old costume is retained, short, full linsey-woolsey skirts, and short shapeless jackets, do not make a better picture than do the old-fashioned white cotton nightcaps, with the tassel tucked in to make a square top, which are the favourite headgear for the old women. The cap in general use among the young women is the ordinary *bonne's* cap, to be seen everywhere; so that whatever charm there may be in "picturesque Normandy," it is not to be found in this thronged and noisy Paris by the seaside.

Every now and then the Church ordains one of its religious fêtes, which are interesting enough when seen for the first time. But when we have realized all the common frippery and coarse finery out of which the effect is produced, when we have been behind the scenes as it were, even these fêtes lose their charm, and we feel the want of true artistic beauty in the arrangements. A bevy of young girls draped in white, carrying the banner of the Virgin, makes a pretty show from a distance; but the charm vanishes when we come near and recognize in the girls got up to look like "Madonna's children" the girls who last evening were flirting at the Casino, and who now, if their prattle is overheard, are talking of things which certainly do not lead to the special service of the Holy Virgin. The finest points, artistically, are afforded by the fishermen, whose costume is real and in itself picturesque. Lately a *Calvaire* for the especial benefit of sailors and fishermen has been erected in the Route de la Corniche; and the raising of the figure of the Christ was the occasion for a religious fête, which a Bishop honoured with his presence. Here, as elsewhere, the best thing in the arrangements was the body of fishermen carrying the figure of the Christ, which, however, in itself was an example of that kind of art which has no merit apart from the sentiment. The raising of the image behind the concealing draperies was performed to a lively piece of music played by a military band; and when the cloths fell, and the figure was revealed, the crowd clapped their hands joyously as at a good scenic effect. Altogether, these religious fêtes can scarcely be called impressive, according to our English ideas of solemnity; but they please the people for whose benefit they are designed; they keep the Church active, and make nice little outings for the clergy and the Sisters; and they bring the symbols of the creed into strong display—it being an open question whether this display has the effect of wholesome reminder or of creating that indifference which comes from familiarity. Anyhow, it may be said that, if no one is much the better for them, no one is the worse; and while the men are there they cannot be at the cabarets getting drunk on their favourite Calvados—a drink made of bad cider and worse brandy—as is unfortunately the custom of the district. France is a sober country on the whole; but this part of Normandy is worse than the most drunken part of England with which we are acquainted; and in the evening it is an exception to meet a sober man in the highway. There is very little poverty in the place, peasant proprietorship being the rule and large holdings the exception; while in the town the tremendous prices paid for everything in the season create valuable little nest-eggs for the winter, when the place has gone back to its normal condition of dulness and deadness—eight months of lethargy broken by four of fever and delirium.

#### ELEMENTARY PHILOLOGY IN NORTH WALES.

AN educational Blue-book has just been published which contains several pages worthy of a better fate than that which commonly awaits Blue-books. The Report of the Committee of Council on Education for 1875-1876 contains, among the reports of other School Inspectors, that made by Mr. John Rhys after an inspection of schools in the counties of Denbigh and Flint. Mr. Rhys's brethren need not be offended if we say that his report stands out as something different in kind from all the rest in the book. We cannot expect every inspector of schools to be a first-rate philologist; least of all can we expect him to be a first-rate Celtic philologist; and it is not every inspector who has the privilege, as for philological purposes it must be deemed, of inspecting a bi-lingual district. Mr. Rhys's report is therefore not only of great practical value as showing the particular needs of a particular and exceptional district; it is also of real philological importance, as illustrating several of the tendencies of language, especially when languages of different kinds come in contact. A finished scholar like Mr. Rhys would doubtless be better able than most of his brethren to judge of the teaching in history and language which he finds at work in his district, and which in Mr. Rhys's district must be of the very strangest kind. This is a practical subject, and it shows that it is very needful for somebody or other thoroughly to look up these schools, and to get rid of the monstrous teaching which Mr. Rhys finds at work there. But

for our purpose it is more important still to mark the peculiarities of pronunciation and grammar which he notices as the result of English teaching in districts where the mother-tongue is Welsh. Mr. Rhys is not at all satisfied with the state of the schools in his district, and he mentions in a highly amusing way a good many of the special difficulties against which he has to strive. "Sunday school treats and excursions," he tells us, "threaten to mar the summer quarter." For it seems that the appetite for these treats and excursions is so great that the children not only attend the Sunday School treat of their own denomination, but those of other denominations also. We are not surprised to hear this; we can conceive that even a Popish child might, in the absence of his priest, give way to the temptations of a Unitarian bun. But it would be well if nothing worse were offered to children of any persuasion than the good old-fashioned "unus panis albus vocatus bun." Mr. Rhys complains that the children not only stay away on the day of the treat, but that, "if the treat should happen in the beginning of the week, a great number of children are certain to absent themselves during the rest of it, partly on account of their having made themselves ill with sweets and indigestible cakes, and partly because their parents do not think it worth their while to send them to school for a part of the week." To this, in the case of the girls, is added a further cause of absence at the other end; for Mr. Rhys learned from the mistress of one of the most important schools in the district that "for several days previous to a treat or excursion it is thought necessary to keep the girls at home to have their hair in curling papers." Now, when Mr. Rhys tells us that fourteen days in the summer quarter are given to treats and excursions, and when we add the days before each treat which are devoted to curl-papers, and the days after it which are devoted to recovering from indigestible cakes, it would seem that, in the counties of Flint and Denbigh at least, no great amount of intellectual progress is likely to be made in the warm weather.

For this evil Mr. Rhys proposes a simple remedy, which is that the leaders of the different religious bodies should so far agree on an Eirenicon as to arrange that all denominations should give their treats on the same day. If they could be persuaded to this amount of joint action, they might possibly go a step further and get rid of another of Mr. Rhys's difficulties. "It is," he tells us, "by no means an uncommon thing for a neighbourhood which could support one good school to have two indifferent ones, the one National and the other British." At any rate, a stop should be put to a state of things in which "it is frequently complained that when a pupil is punished, and justly punished, at the one school, he finds easy admission into the other." These things, however, though they form no unimportant part of Mr. Rhys's Report, do not immediately concern our subject. A more important and special difficulty is found in the fact "that Welsh is the language which most of the children talk outside the walls of the schoolroom." (Mr. Rhys's district seems not to take in the purely English-speaking parts of Flintshire.) "Consequently the task of teaching them to pronounce English and the acquisition of an English vocabulary take up a good deal of time, which in the case of English children might be employed in appealing more directly to their intelligence." The scholar is apt to think that the knowledge of two languages, be the two what they may, instead of one only, must always be an intellectual advantage; and so it doubtless is whenever there is any opportunity of making any intellectual or comparative use of the two languages. In the state of things described by Mr. Rhys the knowledge of the two languages seems really to be a burden. The result, at all events, is a low standard of reading and spelling, "for, as most Welsh children learn to read their own language phonetically in the Sunday schools, they take very slowly afterwards to the spelling of English words, and usually manage to mix up the two systems, unless vigilantly watched." Then Mr. Rhys goes on to point out some of the peculiar varieties of pronunciation into which the Welsh children are apt to fall in reading English. Welsh, it seems, has no such thing as a trochee; so *baby* and *paper* become *bebby* and *pepper*. This last, at least, is certainly Irish as well as Welsh. *All* and *draw* become *ole* and *dro*, the English sound of *au* and *aw* being unknown in Welsh. Is it known in any language but English? Certainly *au* is not sounded in the same way in German, French, Italian, and Greek; it is sounded in all those tongues in quite a different way from its English sound. The Welsh too, like the ancient Ephraimites—the comparison comes from their countryman—cannot sound the English *sh* and the nearly related sounds of *ch* and *j*. Here is a singularity in the Welsh system of sounds, for the *ch* appears largely in other languages besides English, both Romance and Teutonic, and that very commonly as a softening of the *k* sound. *W* and *y* are often dropped at the beginning of words, but, in the case of *w* at least, this is Danish as well as Welsh. The *Orms head* of North Wales and the *Worms head* of the South are a case in point. But it is more curious philologically when we find that the short *i* is often turned into the North Welsh *u*, which is nearly the same as the German *ü*. Here a sound is brought back, though perhaps not in its right place, which has dropped out of standard English, though it still lives both in Devonshire and in East Anglia. The general tendency of language is certainly to change the *ü* into *i*. Our old English *y* was doubtless *ü*. So in sounding Welsh we are always taught to sound such a name as *Gruffydd* like the English spelling *Griffith*. But one cannot doubt that the original sounding of the *u* was *ü*, and it appears from Mr. Rhys that the sound is still preserved in some parts. So again, the Greek *v*, which is now indistinguishable from *t*, was doubtless *ü*. Mr. Rhys goes on

to speak of the omission of the aspirate, which we might hardly have looked for in a tongue which, like Welsh, has kept the stronger guttural, but which is doubtless owing to the influence of the neighbouring dialect of English. Mr. Rhys's experience on this point is well worth noting:—

In some of the schools persistent efforts are made by the teachers to re-instate the *h*, but with no perceptible success. In one other instance attention was called at the annual inspection to the silent contempt with which the children passed over their *h*'s; the teacher, who was no phonologist, took the hint, so at my next visit I found all the bigger boys, when they met an *h* in reading, collecting their breaths to mark the presence of that whispered consonant by a shout. The effect of the master's mistaken pains was so ludicrous that I did not feel warranted in urging him to persevere. And, on the whole, I am far from certain that it is worth while to spend much time in the public elementary schools on a consonant, the entire extinction of which in the English words where it is now written is shown by the history of phonetic decay to be in all probability only a question of time.

This may seem to many a hard saying; but on Mr. Rhys's side there is the fact that in all the languages of Southern Europe the *h* has perished, and that in a large part of England its omission is not a mere vulgarism, but the real dialect of the country. In many English counties the sounding of the *h* is something purely artificial, brought in only by the highest education.

Mr. Rhys goes on to point out some of the absurdities which are still tolerated in English grammars:—

Thus, to take a common instance, one soon elicits the answer that *a* or *an* is the indefinite article; but, if it be asked whether *a* is inserted in *an* apple, or omitted in *a* boy, nine cases out of ten the answer is that it is inserted in *an* apple; and, on appealing from the pupil to the master, the answer given by him is only confirmed by the latter.

"This," says Mr. Rhys, "may be taken as a typical instance of the ignorance which obtains among both pupil-teachers and masters as to the history of the most common and interesting words in the language." Then comes what, for general purposes, is the most important of all Mr. Rhys's remarks:—

This lends me to make a passing allusion to the history of the English language as a whole, and more especially of the origin of its vocabulary, as to which I have found candidates for admission into the training colleges not unfrequently in complete ignorance. . . . Such answers as the following cease to amuse by reason of their frequency:—"The great prevalence of so many foreign words in the English language is by the country being so often subdued. The Romans brought with them into England the Roman language or Norman-French. About this time, or a little after this, Greek philosophers began to flourish; hence the Greek words occurring in the English language. Also about the middle sixteenth century the Latin became pretty well known in Britain." Or take this:—"When the Saxons landed in England, they brought with them their own language, words of which crept into the English, some of which still remain."

Mr. Rhys goes on to say:—

To these I might add others which not only departed widely from the truth as to the history of the English language in particular, but were so framed that they could not possibly apply to any conceivable language under the sun, because the writers of them had not the remotest idea as to what the life or the history of a language means. For example, one of the curious notions running through a great many of them was that the Old-English or Anglo-Saxon was an incorrect language. I had for some time felt curious to trace this to its origin, when I came across the following passage in a 6th Standard reading-book. "In the fifth century, when it first made its appearance in this island, it was a rough, poor, guttural dialect—never written, because the men who spoke it could not write; but since then it has been enlarged, and altered, and corrected, &c." It is needless to enumerate the mistakes here brought to light; but the following specimen will, perhaps, be found instructive as to the form which this kind of inspiration may take in the answers of a candidate for admission into a training college at the end of his apprenticeship:—"About this period of the present, when men are wiser than ever they have been formerly, they have drawn up a list of words derived from nearly all the languages of the countries in Europe, and are used in our books." The origin of a great many words in the English language is very often brought about by some events which happened. For instance, when the Romans invaded Britain they brought over with them their own language of course, and a great many of the ancient Britons learned some of their words, and often mixed them up with their own; and, as they grew yearly wiser, they formed different words with them which had the same meaning. And in the same manner when the Danes, Saxons, and Normans invaded Britain, after one another, they also got their languages mixed up with ours."

After this Mr. Rhys may well say, "There is now no excuse for this state of things."

#### THE MANORS OF LAMBETH AND KENNINGTON.

BEFORE reaching London the Thames makes a great bend to the north at Chelsea Reach; it bends again to the south at Limehouse Reach, and the space thus enclosed—a space some four miles wide from Greenwich to Lambeth—forms a kind of peninsula. It is bounded on the south by a range of hills, of which the highest—well known to modern ears as Sydenham Hill—reaches an altitude of three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water. But the peninsula itself betrays everywhere traces of its recent appearance as dry land, and such floods as that of last winter, or the memorable outburst of the Thames in 1850, show plainly enough, without measurements, that much of the surface of this district is only a few feet above high-water mark, and a considerable part is below it. In fact, before the Thames was embanked the whole of this space must have been a marsh, if not a lagoon; and possibly, long after roads and houses appeared within its area, it was little better than an archipelago of islets connected by causeways. One only of these survives with any distinctness in Newington Causeway; but it is possible that we have indications

of another in Stanegate. The road which ran to London Bridge at Southwark must have been in part of this character, and embankments which commenced on what may have been an island, and gradually extended east and west, not only protected the foot of the Bridge from inundations, but increased the amount of dry ground in its neighbourhood. Even before the Bridge was built the spot from which it starts must have been of importance, for it is nearer the opposite shore than any other point for several miles above or below it, the length of London and Southwark Bridges being, even now, some hundred feet less than that of the four bridges higher up. The Thames is 1,326 feet in width at high water between Somerset House and Lambeth Marsh, where it is now crossed by Waterloo Bridge; but between Billingsgate and Tooley Street it is only 900 feet. Whether the City was placed where it is because the Thames was there more easily passed than elsewhere we cannot say, but the situation of the Bridge must have had much to do with the subsequent importance of the town.

The actual condition of this Southern district in what may be called prehistoric times is of interest for another reason. The most plausible of the many derivations of the name of London would point to the existence of much water in its immediate neighbourhood. If a great part of what is now Lambeth and Walworth and Bermondsey and Rotherhithe was under water, in addition to the great estuary of the Lea with its delta, the present Isle of Dogs, London must have been a city of very amphibious character; and though the first author of the conjecture that London is *Llyn-din* supported his theory only by references to the brooks which bounded its site on two sides and to the marsh and the river on the other two, we may accept it at least until we find a better. It may look like a jest to say that it holds water, but when Bermondsey and Rotherhithe and Lambeth and Walworth were islands in a lagoon, while Southwark, if it existed at all, was only kept from drowning by piles and embankments, and connected with the mainland by causeways, London viewed from the south must have presented a highly aquatic appearance.

Confining our attention for the present to that portion of this peninsular tract which lies to the west of Southwark, and is known as Kennington and Lambeth, we find early evidence in the history of the manors of the watery nature of the site. It will not do to press too far the inference that Kennington was always the King's because it had been submerged and could be called foreshore. But a considerable number of acres in the manor must have been under water before the river bank was raised, and Kings did claim foreshores very early. In Domesday, where it is called "*Chenintune*," we read that in Edward the Confessor's time it was assessed at five hides, which may be reckoned as between four and five hundred acres, and "now for one hide and three virgates," or about one hundred and sixty acres. An irruption of the river would be the easiest way of accounting for so great a difference, but nothing of the kind is mentioned. There is a similar fluctuation in the adjoining manor of Lambeth, which was assessed under the Confessor for ten hides, and under the Conqueror for two and a half. But it would be dangerous to push any argument founded on such passages. Many places far enough inland present similar discrepancies. Unquestionably, however, the dryness of the district was long an object of solicitude, and vast works both of embankment and of drainage have been carried on at irregular intervals. Strangely enough, the south side of the river, notwithstanding its much greater need, is without the protection of an embankment like that which reaches, with little interruption, from Chelsea Church to Blackfriars. So many little private harbours, so many wharfs and docks, are situated along the southern bank, that it is only from Lambeth Church to Westminster Bridge that a fragment of an embankment extends—that is to say, only past the Manor-house of the Archbishop and St. Thomas's Hospital, with its hideous "*pavilions*."

Both the manors of Kennington and Lambeth are in the same parish, which also contains, or contained, Vauxhall, Stockwell, or South Lambeth, and three estates, Lefhurst, Bodleys, and Lambeth Wyke, which were reputed manors. There were other estates to which the name of manors used to be given, but it is very probable that a short time before the Conquest it would have been impossible to distinguish any of them; the manor of St. Mary, as it is called in Domesday, was in all probability no exception to the old rule which made the manor and the parish co-terminous. But Lambeth soon came to the Church; William Rufus gave it to Rochester, one of the few acts of the kind recorded of him; and the deed of gift recites the injury he had done the Church in his wars. But the great—indeed, in a sense, the final—event in the history of the manor of Lambeth occurred in 1197. The archbishops had been nibbling at Lambeth for some years. They had long rented the house which they afterwards owned. The Synod of Lambeth in 1100 determined the legality of Henry's marriage with Maud of Scotland, and many consecrations and other public ceremonies took place there before 1189, when we read of the attempt of Baldwin to set up at Lambeth a collegiate body which might even supersede Canterbury in the election of the primate. It was proposed to remove thither the relics of Becket, in spite of the opposition of the monks of Christ Church. They succeeded in defeating this design, but it was not finally abandoned till the end of the century; and Lambeth Manor-house, with the advowson of the adjoining church, had meanwhile passed into the Archbishop's possession. The convenience of the site over against the royal residence at Westminster has been pointed out by Mr. Green; and it had already been proved by the archbishops. In 1197 Hubert



Walter, after some time spent in negotiations, obtained from the Church of Rochester the manor and church of Lambeth, giving in exchange the manor of Darenth, in Kent, and other possessions, and the so-called "Palace" has ever since been the principal residence of the archbishops. Archbishop Potter was the first to call it a Palace, and official documents are still dated "apud domum,"—at our house at Lambeth. When Addington was bought Lambeth was the only remaining residence of the see. The history of its vicissitudes does not quite end with 1197, for it once more passed into other hands for a short time. Under the Commonwealth, Scott and Hardy, the lay occupiers, turned the chapel into a dining-room, and desecrated the tomb of Matthew Parker. At the Restoration the archbishops were brought back, and Scott, who had sat on the King's trial, lost his share of the 7,073*l.* *cs.* 8*d.* paid for the manor, and lost his own life besides, while Hardy had to restore the Archbishop's tomb in 1661.

Kennington had greater vicissitudes as a manor than Lambeth. Its early history is usually connected with the death of Harthacnut in 1041, and often, too, with the coronation of Harold, who was said to have there put the crown on his own head. But it is quite certain that Harold was crowned at Westminster, and it may be considered equally certain that Harthacnut's death took place at the wedding feast of Gytha, which was probably in her father's, Osgod Clapa's, house, or, as we should say, at Clapa's home, or Clapham. To this derivation of Clapham it has been objected that a gift of 200 pence per annum from lands at "Clappeham," made in the time of Ælfred, by one Ælfrid, is mentioned in the Register of Chertsey Abbey. But the Register is many centuries later than the gift, and the use of the name may have been for convenience only.

We have no direct evidence, therefore, to justify us in calling Kennington a royal residence until long afterwards. In the times of the Domesday Survey it was occupied by Teodoric the goldsmith, who held it from the King direct, as he had held it from the Confessor. Kennington certainly, however, became a royal residence later, and the most memorable fact in its annals is the residence here of Edward the Black Prince; but it is hardly correct to say that since his day it has always been part of the estates of the Princes of Wales. The house in which Edward resided stood, in all probability, on the same site as the Manor-house pulled down last year. Kennington was then a hunting-ground, and even as late as 1615 there were eight acres of rabbit warren in the park. After Edward's death his widow and son resided at Kennington, and it was here that, in 1377, just before the young Richard ascended the throne, the strange scene took place when John of Gaunt came for shelter to the Princess. The whole story is so circumstantially told by more than one contemporary chronicler that we cannot doubt it; but when we read that the Duke and his supporter Percy were at a feast at the house of a citizen, William of Ypres; that, as it was in Lent, they were about to eat oysters, when a messenger came to say the mob had attacked the Duke's manor-house of the Savoy; that the Duke and Percy, seized with panic, forsook their fish, and fled to the water's edge, where, seizing a boat, they crossed the river, rushed through the fields to Kennington, and besought the Princess's protection, the sober colours of ordinary history appear very fantastic indeed. The Princess, having heard their tale, comforted them as well as she could, says one chronicler, "promittens se facturum stalem finem de hiis omnibus qui foret eis satis accomodus," a piece of Latin which cannot be too literally construed. It was in the same year, when Richard was only ten, that a hundred and thirty citizens rode out to Kennington on Candlemas night disguised as mummers, and made presents to the Prince and his mother, with a delicate ceremonial which might have been well imitated during the Indian tour of a later Prince of Wales. The masqueraders had provided themselves with loaded dice, and having by dumb show indicated their desire to play on the table with the Prince, they so arranged that he "did always winne when he came to cast at them. Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were a boule of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince wonne at three casts." Kennington seems to have been spared by the rebels under Wat Tyler, though they sacked Lambeth, and we do not hear much of it till Henry VII. appears there just before his coronation. Elizabeth stayed at Lambeth on her way from Hampton Court to Greenwich, for the manor-house of Kennington had already fallen into ruin, and in the next reign it had wholly disappeared. But it was rebuilt by James for his son Henry, and the manor has ever since been an appendage of the Duchy of Cornwall. There are long leases on it, however, and it would be as difficult now to find any trace at Kennington of royal ownership as to identify the garden, the "greate barne covered with tiles, consisting of twelve bayes of building," or any other part of the manor-house, as it was described in 1649 in a survey of the manor, "late parcel of the possessions of Charles Stuart, eldest sonn of Charles Stuart, late King of England, as parte of his duchy of Cornwall."

#### PICTURESQUE REPORTING.

THE *Daily News*, in republishing in a collected form the letters of Mr. MacGahan, its Special Correspondent in Bulgaria, takes credit to itself for having "stirred the public mind to its depths"; and there can be no doubt that the effect of these letters on a certain class of minds may be distinctly traced in the wild lan-

guage of the present agitation. It is worth while, therefore, to observe what was Mr. MacGahan's course of inquiry, and the form in which he presented its results to the public. That atrocities of a most horrible kind have been perpetrated by the Turks or their partisans in Bulgaria nobody can doubt, though authentic information is still wanting as to the extent and character of the outrages. In the first instance, however, it was difficult to know exactly what to believe, and there was naturally some hesitation on the part of cautious and reasonable people in accepting as literally and absolutely true all the rumours on the subject. Indeed the *Daily News* itself admits that "a certain degree of scepticism" at the outset "is a fact creditable to humanity." For our own part, we believe that nothing tended so much to encourage this scepticism as the tone and character of Mr. MacGahan's correspondence. What was above all wanted at that time was a plain, sober, matter-of-fact account of such particulars as to the outrages as could be ascertained on the spot. In such a case nothing could be more impressive than a simple statement of facts, in so far as facts could be got at. Unfortunately the writer chosen by the *Daily News* was not of the kind especially required for such a mission. He had previously served an apprenticeship on the *New York Herald*, and had proved himself a skilful expert in that romantic school of journalism to which the Americans are accustomed. He informs us that he started on his journey "in a fair and impartial frame of mind," and "had determined to see for himself wherever it was possible; to weigh and compare statements, to carefully sift evidence, and get at the plain, unvarnished truth, and not allow his mind to be influenced by unsupported assertions on either side." He also says that he had up to this time "listened to both sides with such equal impartiality that he had grown somewhat sceptical—a state of mind peculiarly adapted to the spirit of scientific inquiry." Every one must admit that this is a good description of the state of mind in which such a task as that undertaken by Mr. MacGahan ought to be entered upon. We gather, however, from the writer's very first letter that he had immediately cast his good resolutions to the winds. He arrived at Philippopolis on July 25th, and writing on the 28th he says:—"I have scarcely more than begun the investigation, and the frame of mind I had resolved to maintain at any hazard has already passed away. I fear I am no longer impartial, and I certainly am no longer cool." He then goes on to say that there are certain things which cannot be investigated in a judicial frame of mind. "There are facts which, when perceived, send the blood through the veins with an angry rush, and cause the muscles to contract in sudden anger. There are things too horrible to allow anything like calm inquiry; things the vileness of which the eye refuses to look upon, and which the mind refuses to contemplate. There are facts which repel and revolt; facts which, when you go about among them, fly in your face. Such is the nature of the facts I came to investigate." Now we are quite ready to agree with Mr. MacGahan that, to a certain extent, there are some things as to which it is difficult to maintain a perfectly judicial frame of mind; still the attempt to do so ought not at once to be hopelessly given up. It appears that up to this time Mr. MacGahan had made no observations on his own account; he had seen nothing as an eye-witness, though he had heard a great deal. He had been told innumerable stories of "the vilest outrages committed upon women; the hacking to pieces of helpless children and spitting them on bayonets," and so on; and he at once came to the conclusion that "further investigation was superfluous." It should be observed, however, that it was the express purpose of Mr. MacGahan's journey to ascertain by independent inquiry what were the real facts of the case; and yet we find him at once taking for granted the truth of everything that was told him by persons who themselves possessed only hearsay information. For instance, the Greek Consul at Philippopolis, who told him of "12,000 wretched women and children marched into Tatar Bazardjik, all of whom suffered the vilest outrages," might have been a good authority if he had seen such things happen under his own eye in Philippopolis; but he had no direct personal knowledge of events in Tatar Bazardjik. The French Consul also furnished him with stories of "Bashi-Bazouks relating to circles of admiring listeners how they cut off the heads of little children, and how the dismembered trunks would leap and roll about like those of chickens"; and then, taking all this in, as a matter of course, the impartial inquirer who was sent out especially to test such allegations in a searching way, "shuts his ears and says, 'That is enough; I do not want to hear any more; I do not care to investigate any further.'" In point of fact, he had not as yet investigated anything, but had merely listened to the statements of people who could not vouch for the truth of them by their own knowledge. It cannot be said that communications in this strain were calculated to inspire confidence in the judgment or capacity of the writer.

We next find Mr. MacGahan, on August 1st, at Pestera, where the people gathered round him and told him very sad stories of their cruel treatment by the Turks, which he accepted in his usual undoubting way. All that he actually saw was that the remaining inhabitants were in great distress, as might of course be expected under the circumstances. He adds that "the poor people" looked to his party, "strangers as we were, for encouragement and protection against their Mussulman rulers," and that "the whole population" came out "to shake hands and tell tales of woe." Nothing was more natural than that the inhabitants should paint the conduct of the Turks in the blackest colours, for the sake of exciting sympathy, but the question is to what extent these tales can be literally accepted. We need not repeat that w

are not raising any question as to the fact of the atrocious behaviour of the Turks, which, even on the most moderate estimate, deserved the strongest denunciations. All we wish to point out is, that the tone of Mr. MacGahan's earlier letters was likely to create doubts as to how far they could be relied upon as genuine news. On August 2nd he certainly witnessed a very horrible sight at Batak—that of heaps of skulls and skeletons—but even here his statements are loose and vague, and what he saw is confused with what he was told. He says that he saw in the school-house “the bones and ashes of 200 women and children burnt alive between these four walls”; and close by a pit where “were buried 100 bodies,” and a stream the banks of which “were at one time literally covered with corpses of men and women, young girls and children, that lay there festering in the sun, and eaten by dogs.” Again, he was told that “there were 3,000 lying in the little churchyard alone, and could well believe it.” As far as we can judge, he does not appear to have himself taken any pains to estimate the number of bodies, but accepts offhand the statements of the people, both on this point and as to what happened before he arrived. There is also a question as to how the burning of churches and houses and the consequent deaths came about; and on this point Mr. MacGahan, while admitting that there are contradictory versions, the insurgents alleging one thing and the Turks another, invariably places implicit confidence in the statements of the former, and assumes the other to be necessarily lies. “Nothing,” he says, “has yet been said of the Turks that I do not now believe; nothing”—that is, nothing bad—“could be said of them that I should not think probable and likely.” In one case, indeed, he admits that “probably both parties had a hand in the burning, and that the Turks burned the Christian quarters and the Christians the Turkish quarters.” But, as a rule, he believes all the Christians say. “The people assert, and I have no reason to doubt their word,” this and that; this is his regular formula. Of course, as to the fact that in the various towns and villages visited by Mr. MacGahan he found human remains, showing an appalling system of butchery, there can be no doubt at all; but, beyond this, almost the whole of his evidence consists only of the current stories on one side of the question. The outrages were over long before he reached the region; and of course he saw nothing of them. All he can do, therefore, is to repeat the stories which he heard. “We talked to many of the people,” he says, “but we had not the heart to listen to many of their stories in detail, and we restricted ourselves to simply asking them the number lost in each family”; and, he might have added, writing it down without making any attempt to discover how far it tallied with the facts. “How many in your family?” one would ask. “Ten,” the answer would be perhaps; or eight or fifteen or four. One old woman told him of the loss of “twelve beautiful children,” which may or may not have been true. Even if we allow that there is a *prima facie* probability of such stories being true, still it was necessary to test them, and Mr. MacGahan might at least have been more precise in his style of expression. “We are told,” he says, “that any number of children and young girls had been carried off.” “It is thought that 3,000 people were killed in this place alone.” He incidentally mentions in one place that he had “seen 6,000 or 7,000 bodies lying at Batak” but he apparently took this estimate on trust. “It would take,” he says, “a volume to tell all the stories that were related to us” by people “who wept, and moaned, and wrung their hands, and tore their hair.” This, however, is not exactly decisive evidence. Here is a very characteristic statement:—“Hundreds of women come to us recounting what they had seen and what they had suffered. Not a woman in the place seemed to have escaped outrage. They all confessed it openly.” One is led to ask how many hundreds of women there were; what is meant by women seeming to have been outraged; and what proof there was of the truth of their assertions. A “withered old woman, past sixty, with shrivelled face and limbs, with grey hair,” declared that she “was violated in the same room with a number of young girls.” The writer says her story was “fiendish in its grotesqueness,” but of course he had not the faintest doubt of its truth. And he adds, on equally slender evidence, “this old woman's was no exceptional case, for there does not appear to be a woman in the place, old or young, who escaped outrage.” Mr. MacGahan travelled in company with Mr. Schuyler, and their method of inquiry seems to have been identical. “I would have the reader remember that I am relating facts that have been coldly and concisely noted down in my presence by Mr. Schuyler”; but what are here called facts were only statements, which, however “coldly” taken down, were apparently not subjected to any test of truthfulness. Incidentally also Mr. MacGahan gives us some idea of his capacity for understanding the talk of the people. He ingenuously remarks on first starting in Bulgaria that “the language was so like Russian that I could understand a great deal of it; so like Russian that I could fancy myself amongst peasants of the Volga or the denizens of the Gostinoidvor, Moscow”—so that he had to trust to his smattering of Russian in his conversation with the Bulgarians. He observed also a “sort of family likeness about the eyes,” which, he thinks, would enable “a Russian, a Bulgarian, a Servian, a Montenegrin, and a Tchek to talk each in his own language and all understand each other.” Elsewhere he remarks of a certain story that it “is so thoroughly in keeping with the sad despondent character of the Slaves, that I should be inclined to believe it were it not that it

lacks confirmation”—a difficulty which in other cases does not seem to have much troubled this Correspondent.

It is evident from these extracts that, though Mr. MacGahan is no doubt a perfectly honest man, his style of narrative is by no means calculated to inspire implicit confidence. He has weak and confused notions as to the nature of evidence, and has not the strength of mind necessary to resist painful impressions which have really nothing to do with the conclusions which he builds upon them. “It is,” as he says, “the heart-rending cries of despair that strike you, the crowds of weeping women and children that meet and follow us everywhere,” and “the listening to the same sort of stories told a hundred times over,” that stamps the character of his narrative. His fury at the Turks overcomes him, and sweeping denunciations are substituted for detailed narrative. The rhetorical rant of the language at many of the meetings on this subject is a natural echo of Mr. MacGahan's invective. The exact measure of these outrages has yet to be taken, and though there is more than enough to justify a stern indignation after making wide allowance for exaggeration and error, it seems a pity that the difficulty of appreciating a mass of necessarily obscure facts should be further increased by the wild and fantastic mode of writing in which Mr. MacGahan indulges. If ever there was a case for plain, straightforward, and guarded narrative, it was this; and much of the scepticism which prevailed in the first instance may no doubt be attributed to the fantastic style of Mr. MacGahan's correspondence.

#### THE PHYLLOXERA.

OF all the elements of wealth in which France is so rich, none contributes more powerfully to the prosperity of that country than the vine. It was introduced in historical times, yet the soil and climate, the system of land tenure, and the genius of the people are so adapted to its cultivation, that France has long since distanced all competitors as a producer of wine. She, in fact, exports more wine than all other countries taken together, though the grape ripens to perfection in Italy, Greece, and Turkey, in Spain and Portugal, in Germany and Austria, throughout Western Asia, where indeed it appears to be indigenous, in Australia, South Africa, and the United States of America. From the plains of Champagne to the shores of the Bay of Biscay, and from the banks of the Loire to those of the Rhône, the cultivation is general. It occupies over five millions of acres, or a fourth more than the area under wheat in the United Kingdom. It gives employment to at least seven millions of people, and it produces on an average every year a harvest valued at 120,000,000*l.* sterling, or three-fifths of the indemnity exacted by Germany at the close of the war. The state of this great industry must, it is manifest, affect most profoundly the prosperity of France, and especially of that most numerous and most important portion of the French people—the small landed proprietors. But of late the vine has been attacked by a mysterious and most alarming disease, which is extending in spite of all efforts to check it, and the cause of which defies the investigations of science. It has filled the wine-growers with consternation. They have tried experiments, have held counsel with one another, and have appealed to the authorities for aid. The authorities have bestirred themselves in reply, sometimes aggravating the evil by their meddlesomeness. And a Commission has been appointed by the Government to study the matter. But the disease continues to spread. At length it is beginning to be understood that administrative interference, unless guided by the fullest knowledge and the clearest intelligence, is much more likely to do harm than good, and that what is really wanted is not official activity, but information. In this spirit the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux has addressed a letter to the Minister of Commerce which is noteworthy on account of its modesty and good sense. Bordeaux, we need not say, is more interested in the subject than perhaps any other important town in France, since its commerce mainly depends on the prosperity of the wine industry. The Chamber, however, does not call upon the Government to adopt any of those heroic remedies which are loudly recommended in many other quarters. It does not ask for the forcible uprooting of the affected and threatened vineyards, nor for the construction, at immense cost, of networks of canals sufficient to flood them all, nor for a wholesale application of insecticides. It simply points out that the study of the disease is being prosecuted with ardour in all parts of France by officials, by scientific men, and by practical wine-growers; that all these are working in isolation, that they have no means of discovering what is being done by one another, or of authoritatively making known the conclusions at which they arrive. Therefore the Chamber recommends that a Commission, either that already existing or one specially appointed for the purpose, shall be instructed to gather up reports from every department, to verify experiments as far as possible, and to publish anything likely to be of service. The advice is so sensible that the wonder is it has not been acted upon before.

The phylloxera, as the disease is called, made its first appearance in 1865 in the neighbourhood of Roquemare, in the department of Gard. It is generally believed that it was imported from the United States in shoots brought over to replace worn-out plants. The statement is disputed, but it appears to be sufficiently established by evidence. However the fact may be, had the proprietors of the vineyards first attacked been aware of the real



nature of the calamity which had come upon them, they might have stamped out the disease at once. But they did not suspect their danger, and the phylloxera spread. In 1866 it was found in eleven other parts of the department; and it even crossed the Rhône and invaded the Bouches du Rhône and the Vaucluse. In 1867 it extended itself over these departments, and in the following years spread along the coast of the Mediterranean, pushed up the banks of the Rhône, sending out detachments towards Italy and Switzerland on the one side, and towards the Bay of Biscay on the other, and, thus spreading gradually, had last year attacked about half the vineyards of France. It will of course be understood that some departments have suffered much more severely than others. Those first attacked—Gard, Bouches du Rhône, Vaucluse, and Var—have naturally been devastated the most. In Gard, for example, there were eleven years ago 235,000 acres under vines; last year, in consequence of the disease, the number had fallen to 133,000. The decrease in the Bouches du Rhône and Var is nearly at the same rate. But in Vaucluse the vineyards have been almost altogether destroyed. Eleven years ago they comprised 75,000 acres; last year only 12,500, or little more than one-sixth as much, remained. This year the phylloxera appears to be spreading even more rapidly than before, and to be assuming a more destructive character. "In the department of the Gironde," says the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux, "it is stated that the phylloxera has made its appearance this year at many points where it had never before been seen, and that it has taken a character of much greater intensity where it had previously existed. Many proprietors might be named who will not make one-tenth the quantity of wine they were in the habit of making, and there are entire districts throughout which the selling value of land has fallen to one-half." The Gironde, it will be borne in mind, is not one of the departments most seriously affected. When, therefore, it has suffered so seriously, it is easy to imagine how great must be the losses elsewhere. As to the immediate source of the disease, it is well ascertained to be an insect which feeds upon and destroys the vitality of the vine.

The damage being done by insects, the first remedy tried was the application of insecticides. It is said by wine-growers who have themselves made the experiment, that sulphur does smoke out and kill the phylloxera. But in practice the plan is not found to succeed. The application is costly, it takes up a very long time, and to succeed it must be carried out with patience and extreme care. But the great majority of cultivators can neither afford the expense nor bestow the pains, and the remedy usually, therefore, fails. Moreover, it is alleged that the process of smoking out is injurious to vegetation generally, and thus that the wine-growers who try it most often only injure crops previously flourishing. Another remedy much recommended is the flooding of the vineyards attacked, and the keeping of the vines submerged for five or six weeks. Unfortunately, however, even if this plan were infallible, it is in a great many cases impracticable. In the neighbourhood of rivers it can be tried. But where water is scarce, or where the vineyards are higher than the streams, the cost would be enormous. It has been proposed, therefore, to get over the difficulty by constructing a vast network of canals, which would bring water within the reach of every cultivator. Engineers have proved that the proposal is quite practicable, and have demonstrated that it would, apart altogether from the phylloxera, be of immense benefit to France. But the carrying out of the plan would require an immense expenditure which the French Government is hardly in a position to enter upon just now. And even if it were, the canals could not be constructed for a considerable time, and in the meanwhile the phylloxera is ravaging France. A third plan suggested is the rooting up, not only of the affected vineyards, but also of those occupying a broad belt beyond the diseased districts. This is so heroic a cure that the Government and the people naturally shrink from it in the absence of proof that no other measures will avail. The whole area affected at the close of last year was estimated at 2,750,000 acres, and it is easy to see how enormous must be the indemnity allowed if all this vast area has to be ploughed up. Besides it would appear that the remedy would not prove efficacious. The phylloxera does not advance step by step. It follows regular lines of march, it is true, but it jumps, not walks; that is to say, it leaves intermediate spaces untouched, when it suddenly makes its appearance far beyond the furthest point it had previously attained. Nor is it only on land that it does this. It has broken out in Corsica, though no evidence can be discovered that it has been carried there in diseased vines. The inference is that the devastating insect is blown about by the wind; but, if this be so, the rooting up of vineyards must be universal if it is to be effectual. And even then it may be defeated, unless neighbouring countries do the same when attacked. Lastly, it has been recommended that American vines should be grafted on the diseased vines. There is one kind of American vine which hitherto has proved impervious to the contagion, and this has been largely planted in the affected districts. But wine-growers fear that when the imported vine becomes acclimatized it too may succumb. And, further, they are unwilling naturally to give up vines which have acquired for France her great reputation as a wine-producing country. Even if the American vine could be substituted with success for the common French vine, could be acclimatized, and improved by cultivation, it is doubtful whether it can ever take the place of the choicer vines, whose produce is sought after by the wine-drinkers of the world. The remedy, therefore, at the best, is only a partial one, and does not meet the case

where it is most required, where the superiority of France over all other countries is most assured, and her command of the markets most indisputable. To every suggestion yet offered, it will thus be seen, unanswerable objections are opposed. In the meantime the phylloxera is spreading, and every moment is expected to attack vineyards whose produce is beyond price. As we have already stated, the Government has appointed a Commission, of which the eminent chemist, M. Dumas, is a member, to study the disease; and it has also offered prizes for the discovery of a remedy. Scientific men all over France are engaged in investigating the question; and the wine-growers themselves, as well as the exporters, have held congresses to consider what is best to be done, and are experimenting in the hope of finding a specific. Under these circumstances the advice of the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux appears wise and opportune. To enable every one interested in the matter to learn early and from an authentic source what others are doing and have done, so that he may not waste his time in going over ground already completely explored, is highly desirable. And nobody is in a position to do this but the Government. Nor is it only to avoid waste of time that it is expedient. For it is possible that facts observed or ideas struck out by one person, if properly and promptly reported, may lead another to discover the remedy that is being sought. In any case, the interests at stake are so important that it is clear that no chance ought to be neglected.

#### THE ST. LEGER.

THE last great three-year-old race of the year, even though it has failed to sustain the reputation of former years, has not suffered, like many of its predecessors, through the absence from the nominations of the most conspicuous performers of the season. Among the candidates for this year's St. Leger were the winner of the Two Thousand, the first, second, and third for the Derby, and the two fillies that ran a dead heat for the Oaks; and the two horses whose omission from the entries was most to be lamented were Jester and Springfield. The former of these two ran fourteen times as a two-year-old without success; nor was it dreamed of him that he was anything more than a plater, and a most unprofitable plater, until he carried off the Queen's Plate at Winchester this spring from New Holland. Subsequently he won the Trial Stakes at Ascot in a canter, and at the same meeting carried off the Visitors' Plate from a good field with equal ease. Such a sudden change from plating to high-class form has occasionally, but rarely, been witnessed; and Admiral Rous's opinion of Jester's merits may be judged by the weight he has assigned him in the great autumn handicaps—namely 7 st. 13 lbs. in the Cesarewitch and 8 st. in the Cambridgeshire, or within 9 lbs. of the mighty Kisber himself in the former race, and above all other horses of his own age. The compliment to the unfashionably bred son of Merrymaker (dam's pedigree unknown) is certainly not undeserved, and, had he been engaged in the St. Leger, he would most certainly have occupied a prominent place in the quotations. The same may be said of Springfield, who has grown into a splendid force, and has won all his five engagements this year in grand style. If his stable companion, Coltness, has been thought worthy of support for the St. Leger at a comparatively short price, Springfield, who is known to be immeasurably superior to the son of King Tom and Crocus, would naturally have been a far greater public favourite, although on the only occasion when he met Kisber the Derby hero beat him in a canter, and although, from the fact of his not having been entered for Cup races, it has been inferred that speed, not staying power, is his forte. To pass, however, from those horses whose presence would have added interest to the race to those of approved public merit whose names are to be found among the entries, we may remark that the most casual observer of racing could not fail to notice how vastly superior were the pretensions of Kisber to those of any of his contemporaries. As a two-year-old the son of Buccaneer was not hurried in his preparation, and his first essays in public were unsuccessful. By October he had got so far forward in condition as to be strongly supported by his friends for the Middle Park Plate, but in that race the flying Petrarch fairly lost him. A fortnight later, however, he amply atoned for this misadventure by carrying off the Dewhurst Plate, over a seven furlongs course, from Springfield and a large field, and by beating Madeira much further than Petrarch had beaten her in the Middle Park Plate. From this moment the friends of the Mineral Colt—as he was called up to the morning of the Derby Day—felt satisfied that their horse was endowed with exceptional staying powers, and his brilliant performances as a three-year-old have amply confirmed the accuracy of their opinion. He won the Derby more easily than that great race has ever been won within the memory of the present generation of racing men, and he carried off the Grand Prix at Paris in the commonest of canters. In these two races he showed himself at least a stone superior to any colt or filly of his own age, the winner of the Middle Park Plate and Two Thousand not being placed in the Derby, and the dead-heaters for the Oaks proving just as unable to extend him in the Derby. On public running the St. Leger looked merely a question of health for Kisber, and up to within the last week or two it appeared likely that he would start for the great Northern race the warmest favourite that has ever been known. It is true that there have always been rumours that Kisber was a difficult horse to train, and that it was doubtful whether he would stand a strong

preparation on very hard ground. A story has been circulated also to the effect that for some time prior to the Derby he was a cause of great anxiety to his trainer; but the tale of his standing for several hours a day with one leg in a bucket of water is probably nothing more than an idle legend. Anyhow, he went on well all through this exceptionally dry summer, and it was not till the weather began to break that any whisper was heard to his disadvantage. About a fortnight ago a sudden attack on the position of Kisber was made, nor did the hostility show any signs of abatement till the horse arrived at Doncaster and galloped on the racecourse, when every one could see with his own eyes that he was in splendid condition, and that he moved with all that power and freedom of action which he has always exhibited when fully extended. The withdrawal of Forerunner and Enguerrande, owing to training casualties, materially weakened the field, although, had they come to the post, it is difficult to see how they could have reversed the Epsom and Paris running. Each of them in turn received a five-lengths beating from Kisber; and, however they might have improved during the summer, it would have been unreasonable to assume that Kisber had stood still while the second in the Derby and the Grand Prix had made an advance equivalent to about two stone. September is proverbially the mares' month, and Enguerrande had certainly shown herself possessed of gameness and staying power; but if she had come to Doncaster, she would probably have had to content herself with, at best, the second place in the St. Leger.

Neither has there been anything in the running of Forerunner since the Epsom meeting to justify the idea that, if he had come to the post last Wednesday, he would have done more than obtain the honour of a position. He has twice beaten Skylark, just as he beat him in the Derby; but in the Ascot Cup he was easily beaten at weight for age by Craig Millar as well as by Apology, nor has he any pretension to be considered more than a fair second-class performer, while to his stable companion Julius Cæsar the same remark would apply with greater effect. Coltness has been showing decidedly improved form this season; but, as we have already remarked, he is vastly inferior to Springfield, and the latter has yet to prove his ability to take his revenge on Kisber for the beating the son of Buccaneer gave him last autumn at Newmarket. The form of Skylark has been consistently shown to be inferior to that of Forerunner, and, as there was an utter dearth of dangerous outsiders, the public, in their anxiety to discover some possible rival to the supremacy of Kisber, were compelled to fall back on their old favourite Petrarch. His Derby discomfiture, which suggested that staying power was not his forte, and his two disgraceful defeats at Ascot, which suggested that his disposition was the reverse of generous, were forgotten and forgiven; and all that was remembered was that he had carried off the Middle Park Plate and the Two Thousand Guineas in brilliant style, and that in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot he had successfully compassed a course of a mile and five furlongs. It is certain that, though Petrarch did win the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, he was tiring dreadfully at the finish, and in a few more strides Great Tom would have beaten him; but this damaging fact was also forgotten, as well as his subsequent faint-hearted exhibitions. It was said that he was not an everyday horse, and that, having been indulged with a three months' rest, and having undergone a most careful preparation, he would be certain to make up at Doncaster for his Ascot disgrace; but, in our judgment, an animal that has once played his supporters such tricks as Petrarch indulged in at the Royal meeting cannot be worthy of their confidence. Undoubtedly Petrarch has made considerable improvement during the summer, and he is much more muscular now than he was at Epsom. His gallop on Tuesday morning also gave great satisfaction to his friends; but there was an ominous report that he had taken a violent dislike to the jockey who rode him in the Derby, and that another rider would have to be sought for him for Wednesday's race. But even this suspicious circumstance did not diminish the popular infatuation for the son of Lord Clifden and Laura; and, though to any unprejudiced observer of racing the superior claims of Kisber seemed to admit of no dispute, yet up to the very last moment Petrarch continued to find new friends. This pair, Kisber and Petrarch, enjoyed a monopoly of public support, in striking contrast with last year, when it was impossible to find a favourite, and hardly one of the thirteen runners was without friends.

The presence of Levant—started, we presume, for the purpose of making the running for All Heart—of Hellenist, the solitary representative of the Fyfield stable, and of the gigantic Wild Tommy, helped to swell the field; yet, after all, there were only nine runners. They were all to be seen in the paddock, and the popular verdict was strongly in favour of Kisber, whilst Petrarch, who sweated profusely and looked fidgety and fretful, excited some apprehensions as to his probable behaviour in the race. Of the remainder, Julius Cæsar and All Heart were most liked; and the great size of Wild Tommy excited curiosity rather than admiration; but, in truth, little attention was paid to any but the winners of the Two Thousand and Derby. The preliminary canter of Kisber, who was ridden by Osborne instead of Maidment, and Petrarch, whose jockey was Goster instead of Morris, were watched with great interest. Both went well, the former especially moving with his wonted freedom and vigour; but directly the canter was over Petrarch began to show signs of temper, and positively refused to take part in the customary parade past the Grand Stand. Accordingly he was led back to the starting-post, and this concession to his caprices apparently satisfied him, for his sub-

sequent behaviour was unexceptionable. Of the remainder we need only say that Julius Cæsar galloped well, and that All Heart went in that impetuous tearing style, his head high up in the air and his mouth open, that must surely prevent him from winning races in good company, no matter how he acquits himself in his work at home. At the very first attempt the nine runners were despatched on their journey, and All Heart forthwith rushed to the front, whence he was with difficulty pulled back. Levant, we may add, was never able to do anything for her stable companion, and figured throughout the race conspicuously in the rear, and All Heart himself, after pulling double for a mile, died away to nothing directly he had done pulling. The running was taken up for a short time by Hellenist; but before reaching the hill Kisber rushed to the front, and he and Lord Ailesbury's horse raced side by side at the head of the field. At the Rifle Butts, Kisber held a clear lead, which he increased at the Red House turn, and coming round the bend he was going so strongly, and held such a commanding position, that it seemed as if he would race right away from his field, as in the Grand Prix. As they turned into the straight, however, Petrarch, who had occupied a good place throughout, came up to the leader, and at the same time the extreme outsider, Wild Tommy, joined issue with the Derby and Two Thousand winners. To the astonishment of every one, directly Kisber was challenged he resigned the struggle without an effort, and died away just as Petrarch did in the Derby. The roar of the multitude announced the defeat of the favourite, and the rider of Petrarch probably flattered himself that all danger was now over and that the race was at his mercy. It was not so, however; for Wild Tommy, who had been somewhat disappointed at the last turn, answered most gallantly to the vigorous calls of Custance, and rapidly overhauled the leader. The finish for the last two hundred yards was well fought out; but, though Petrarch was visibly tiring, he showed no signs of cowardice, and, doing the best in his power, he managed to hold his own to the end and to win by a neck, the Duke of Hamilton's horse never having been quite able to get up. We think, however, that Wild Tommy was running the stouter of the two at the finish, and that if the course had been a hundred yards longer he would have won. Should all go well with him to next year, he ought to make a grand four-year-old and be formidable over Cup courses. Julius Cæsar was a bad third; the favourite, pulling up, was fourth; and Skylark and Coltness finished close together as in the Derby, while All Heart failed to make any improvement on his previous running this season, and finished very nearly last. Thus has Petrarch regained the laurels he lost at Epsom and Ascot, and we think it is now conclusively proved that he does not care to race every day in the week, and that he runs best when he is rather above himself. But, despite his victory last Wednesday, we doubt whether Petrarch is a genuine stayer, and we do not think he is likely to gain fame in Cup races. Of the astounding defeat of Kisber what shall we say? The horse that, by superior staying power, was able to leave his opponents standing still at Epsom and Paris, and to finish as if he could do the distance over again without difficulty, was helpless last Wednesday at the end of a mile and a half, and could not make the show of a struggle when his lead was challenged. Whether Kisber has lost his form, or has developed any constitutional infirmity during the summer, we cannot pretend to say; but that something was radically amiss with him appears to have been an opinion by which a good many racing speculators have profited.

## REVIEWS.

DANIEL DERONDA.\*

THE reader, in closing the last book of *Daniel Deronda*, can hardly be certain to what cause is due the impression that the present work is a falling off from *Adam Bede*, and *Middlemarch*, and a whole train of favourites. He knows very distinctly what his feeling in the matter is, but he has to ask himself whether the conviction that the author has fallen below her usual height is owing to any failure of power in herself, or to the utter want of sympathy which exists between her and her readers in the motive and leading idea of her story. This is a question which can hardly be settled. Some resolute admirers may indeed endeavour to adjust their sympathies to this supreme effort, but there can be no class of sympathizers. Jew and Christian must feel equally at fault; and those who are neither one nor the other are very unlikely to throw themselves with any fervour into the mazes of Mordecai's mystic utterances. Yet we recognize George Eliot's distinctive excellences all through; we never detect a flat or trivial mood of mind; if anything, the style is more weighty and pregnant than ever, we may even say loaded with thought. Nobody can resort to the time-honoured criticism that the work would have been better for more pains, for labour and care are conspicuous throughout, and labour and care which always produce suitable fruit; but the fact is that the reader never—or so rarely as not to affect his general posture of mind—feels at home. The author is ever driving at something foreign to his habits of thought. The leading persons—those with whom her sympathies lie—are guided by interests and motives

\* *Daniel Deronda*. By George Eliot. London: Blackwood. 1876.



with which he has never come in contact, and seem to his perception to belong to the stage once tersely described as peopled by "such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind."

And not only are these personages outside our interests, but the author seems to go out with them into a world completely foreign to us. What can be the design of this ostentatious separation from the universal instinct of Christendom, this subsidence into Jewish hopes and aims? We are perpetually called away from the action of the persons of the drama to investigate the motive for such a choice of theme. It might be explained if it were the work of a convert, but *Daniel Deronda* may be defined as a religious novel without a religion, and might have been composed in the state of mind attributed to the hero when "he felt like one who has renounced one creed before embracing another." We are at sea throughout. Nobody seems to believe in anything in particular. Nobody has any prejudices. If it were not for the last page, we should be utterly at a loss to know what is the hero's aim in life, to what purpose he is going to devote it. Nobody expects a novel to contain a religious confession, and the reader of strictest personal faith may pass over latitude in this matter in an author whose legitimate work of delineating human nature is well executed; but when a young man of English training and Eton and University education, and, up to manhood, of assumed English birth, so obliging also as to entertain Christian sympathies, finishes off with his wedding in a Jewish synagogue, on the discovery that his father was a Jew, the most confiding reader leaves off with a sense of bewilderment and affront—so much does definite action affect the imagination, and we will add the temper, more than any implication or expression of mere opinion. It is impossible to ignore differences which lead to such a conclusion. It is true that everything has its turn, and it may perhaps be regarded as significant that the turn of Judaism has come at last; that almost simultaneously with the last book of *Daniel Deronda* there has appeared the first of a series of papers "On the Liturgy of the Jews, by a Jew," in a popular contemporary, where, to the uninitiated, the subject seems most curiously incongruous. We gather from it that party spirit runs high between Hebrew Conservatives and Liberals, or the writer would not have exposed to the ridicule of the Gentile world certain portions of the "Liturgy" recited in the synagogues every Sabbath from the Piyutin; and hence that there may be Jews willing to accept the aid of auxiliaries who regard them, not on the side of their faith, but of their race, which we need not say is the point of sympathy and attraction with the present author.

Force of imagination this writer certainly possesses; but a fertile imagination is not one of her distinctive gifts. To one class of her admirers the stores of her exact memory, treasured by the keenest observation, and set off by a humour especially rare in women, and a power of analysis rare in all writers, have supplied one main charm of her novels. The scenes and persons which strike them as a sort of glorified, harmonized, poetized reproduction come most readily to their recollection in recalling her masterpieces; but such stores must necessarily come to an end. No experience holds inexhaustible examples of mother wit and wisdom, of quaint rustic ignorance and cunning, of strong prejudice which has never felt the breath of cultivated opinion. Each work hitherto has been enriched by some lifelike portrait drawn from this source, but with sign of more and more effort. At first these resuscitations from a vivid past mix themselves with the body of the story, act in it, and assist its development. We cannot think of *Adam Bede* without Mrs. Poyser, or of the *Mill on the Floss* without Mrs. Talliver and the wonderful group of aunts and their husbands, or of *Silas Marner* without Dolly Winthrop and the company so ensnaring to her husband at the "Rainbow." But this transfusion of the characters derived from memory into the very heart and substance of the story, so that they have entered into the first plan and conception of it, necessarily gives place in time to another use of these diminished stores, when they are brought in for the purpose of enlivening a narrative to which they are not essential; as we see in *Felix Holt*, where the hero's mother says strange things to show herself off and amuse the reader, not to advance the plot, outside of which she stands. The same may be said of the group of "waiters for death" in *Middlemarch*. The present story has no representatives of this class. We recognize no figure as certainly a portrait drawn out of the past. The Jew pawnbroker and his family fill the place of these recollections, but they are clearly a study of more recent date; a study, the reader suspects, made with a purpose, and not from the simple early instinct of observation to which we have assumed the others to be due. The failure of one source of supply must necessarily induce more labour. To reproduce, to revivify a cherished memory is a more loving and congenial task than to deduce from inner consciousness the personages fitted to illustrate certain views and theories. We feel that the writer's earlier works must have flowed more easily from her pen and been a more invigorating effort than to personify an idea in the person of Mordecai; because, for one reason, the labour of composition, never slight in work of so high a standard as hers, must have been cheered by confidence in the sympathy of her readers, by notes of approval sounding in her ears; but what security of that kind, what echo of wide sympathy, can have encouraged the unwinding of Mordecai's mazy, husky sentences, with their false air of prophecy without foretelling anything? She must know her public too well to have allowed herself any

delusion here, and must have been fully aware that Mordecai would be caviare to the multitude, an unintelligible idea to all but an inner circle. The mystery lies, not so much in himself, for this readers would not care to unravel, but in the question as to what reason the author can have had for thrusting him on their unwilling attention. The ordinary reader indeed ignores these mystic persons, and in family circles Gwendolen has been as much the heroine—if we may so term the central and most prominent female figure—as if there were no Mirah.

Of course in the design of *Daniel Deronda* we are reminded of the part played by Fedalma in the *Spanish Gipsy*. Fidelity to race stands with this author as the first of duties and of virtues, nor does it seem material what the character of the race is. Fedalma feels her gipsy blood, as soon as she is made aware of her origin, to be as strong and imperious a chain as his Jewish descent is with Deronda. In each, race, as linking past and future together, is the idea of an earthly perpetuity. In obedience to this sentiment, the one throws over faith and lover and takes ship with her people; the other, except that he is lucky in a Mirah, follows the same course, throws over every previous association, and takes ship to the vague East.

It is not often that the poet or novelist sets himself to draw a perfect man. The effort is commendable, for it is mostly its own reward. True it is that the low light in most hands gives the colour. Tennyson's *King Arthur* and Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior* have perpetuated some grand ideas with this aim, but the latest prose image of perfection that occurs to us in our own tongue is *Sir Charles Grandison*. There are certain conditions from which no invention can escape. Thus, perfection must extend to person as well as mind, and beauty and charm must work their usual effects on imperfect people; that is, the perfect hero must be fallen in love with by more women than he can oblige by a return of affection, and the manner of tender, gentle suppression cannot escape a touch of the Grandisonian. Personal characteristics, however, may vary with the age. It fits with the eighteenth century to impute to its model man an air of vivacity and intrepidity, and an intelligence as penetrating as a sunbeam, which only served to quicken our undoubting faith. In the ideal portrait of our own day gravity, thought, and doubt predominate. The perfect man takes nothing for granted, and is deciding for himself all day long on the most fundamental questions. People who will take nothing on trust are not commonly the most interesting and pleasant to meet with; but Deronda is so far successful as a portrait that we believe no other writer of our day, inspired by the same intention, could have imparted the degree of amiability, life, and reality which our author has infused into her ideal. It has evidently been a labour of love to apply her special talents to the embodiment of cherished ideas in an external form; to dramatize them, as it were, and make them speak for themselves, through the person and action of her hero; and no one is more successful in helping her readers to realize, not through elaborate and ineffective description, but by conveying an image through its effect on others. Deronda does nothing, but he has a curious influence. Thus "there was a calm intensity of life and richness of tint in Deronda's face, that on a sudden gaze from him was rather startling, and often made him seem to have spoken; so that servants and officials asked him automatically 'What did you say, sir?' when he had been quite silent." And, again, his eyes "had a peculiarity which has often drawn men into trouble; they were of a dark but mild intensity, which seemed to express a special interest in every one on whom he fixed them, and might easily help to bring on him those claims which ardently sympathetic people are often creating in the minds of those who need help." And the qualities of his mind are indicated with the same characteristic art. We are left to assume his intellectual elevation, but his moral nature is the thing to be described, as inevitably resulting in a certain view of life. His youth suffers under the pain and social disadvantage of not knowing his birth, "such as easily turns a self-centred unloving nature into an Ishmaelite. But in the rarer sort the inexorable sorrow takes the form of fellowship, and makes the imagination tender," "raising a strong array of reasons why he should shrink from getting into that routine of the world which makes men apologize for its wrong doings." Persons attracted him in proportion to the possibility of his defending them. He had to resist an inclination to withdraw coldly from the fortunate. "What I have been most trying to do," he says, "for fifteen years is to have some understanding of those who differ from myself." His imagination had so wrought itself to the habit of seeing things as they probably appeared to others, that a strong partisanship, unless it were against an immediate oppression, had become an insincerity to him." Hence there was, as his mind ripened, a tolerance towards error. Few men were able to keep "themselves clearer of vices than he; yet he hated vices mildly, being used to think of them less in the abstract than as a part of mixed human natures, having an individual history which it was the bent of his mind to trace with understanding and pity." In all these things Deronda acknowledges no teacher. No state of mind can be described more incompatible with strong dogmatic convictions.

But what is wanting in himself Deronda yet seems to supply to others. The author invests him with many spiritual functions, not scrupling to add certain adjuncts impressive to the imagination, as where it is noted, in Gwendolen's confession in the library, that a joint fragrance of Russian leather and burning wood gave the idea of incense, "of a chapel in which censers have been swinging." Not only is he Gwendolen's preacher, confessor, and director, but he is her conscience, and in this capacity she calls his eye dreadful. There are occasions even when he arrives at an elevation higher

than this; when he suggests the idea of a Providence, when he is a Being with a capital B, and is foretold by his grandfather as Deliverer with a capital D, and finally he represents to Mordecai, whose inward need of a prolonged self had been dwelt on, something beyond even this. The dying Jew commits his soul into his charge. "Where thou goest, Daniel, I shall go. Is it not begun? Have I not breathed my soul into you? We shall live together." It is not easy to reconcile these qualities, functions, or attributes—whatever we may call them—with the costume of the day, whether evening full dress, which he sets off so well, or that morning drab suit which sets off him. The task which the author has set herself to accomplish in these volumes is to bring together past and present; to modify, by certain explanatory analogies, ancient beliefs into modern doubt, and in her own case to show how the keenest insight into the world's doings may work side by side with a vein of speculation far removed and alien from ordinary sympathies. We have left ourselves no room for the story proper, or for the characters who work it out; these we must reserve for another occasion.

#### MISS SEWELL'S POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE.\*

MISS SEWELL'S reputation as a writer for the young has long stood so high that a new History by her is sure to be well received. It is not the least merit of her books that they are eminently readable. She understands that, if a history is to take any hold upon the minds of the young or the uneducated, it ought to be rather lighter reading than a blue-book. In personal interest and picturesque detail the history of France has perhaps the advantage over that of any other nation, and Miss Sewell is not of that sternly philosophical school which seems to have conscientious objections to anything amusing:—

It has been my wish, in undertaking to write a Popular History of France, to give some of the picturesque details of the events narrated as well as the important general outline. I have hoped in this way to awaken a more vivid interest in the subject, and to give a more lifelike character to the actions of the various persons whose lives have influenced the fortunes of the great nation so intimately connected with ourselves and yet in many respects so widely differing from us.

In this part of her plan Miss Sewell has certainly been successful. The story is told with liveliness and spirit, more especially when we get into what we may call the Age of Memoir-writers, where the author has laid Mme. de Motteville, Mlle. de Montpensier, and the Duke of St-Simon under contribution. She frankly acknowledges her obligations to Michelet, owning that there are "many portions of the present volume which can claim no greater merit than that of being a free translation from this distinguished French writer." Whatever criticisms may be made upon Michelet, he is at any rate a guide who knows every picturesque point of the route.

To the power of telling a story Miss Sewell adds that of being able to tell it fairly and quietly. True, the history of France before the Revolution does not offer as much temptation to partisanship as that of some other countries, because it has comparatively little bearing upon modern questions; and the Revolution itself does not come within the limits of this volume. But even where no questions of present interest are concerned, writers are apt to seek for effect by exaggeration; and it is a merit in Miss Sewell that she knows how to make her story interesting without the use of overstrained language, or undue blackening of one man and whitening of another. She deals charitably with the unhappy Charles IX., and the vices and follies of Henry III. do not blind her to the signs of better things in him. Henry's painted face and dyed hair, his *mignons* and his puppy dogs, are familiar to every one, and at first sight he seems to consist of the national combination of tiger and monkey, with the monkey predominating. Nevertheless he occasionally showed gleams of a more human and even kingly spirit, and Miss Sewell perhaps does him no more than justice when she says:—

The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the murder of the duke of Guise have left a stain of cruelty upon his memory which cannot be effaced, and his frivolity, superstition, and deceit have rendered him generally despicable. Yet there were in his life indications of a sense of the duties of his position, and a desire to promote the interests of his people, which cannot justly be overlooked. He was generous and affable, and not without dignity and a sense of honour; and great though his offences were, few can follow his history attentively, especially in its later period, without feelings of sympathy and occasional dawns of respect, which lead us to hope that he may have deserved a kinder judgment than has in general been passed upon him.

The present volume—a pretty thick one—breaks off at the death of Louis XIV., but Miss Sewell expresses some intention of eventually continuing the history down to the present day. The scale is sufficiently large to allow of considerable detail, the more so because the writer on the whole confines herself to the political history without, as a rule, entering into such subjects as language, literature, or art. She is therefore able to treat at some length of the sayings and doings of the principal characters, and to introduce episodes not always to be found in histories of this class. Thus she gives a detailed account of Cinq-Mars and his conspiracy which will somewhat "disillusion" readers who only

know Alfred de Vigny's idealized representation of the luckless youth who measured his strength with Richelieu. Mme. de Maintenon's young ladies at St. Cyr are of little historical importance, except so far as they serve to illustrate the character of their foundress, but the pages bestowed upon them are at least amusing. Private theatricals, combined with Mme. Guyon's instructions in mystic piety, turned the heads of the good little girls of St. Cyr, and Mme. de Maintenon thought proper to reform the place by making it into a convent. When the girls showed reluctance to submit, they were summoned before the King, and heard from the royal lips that it was his will that they should be nuns. It is fair to Louis to say that in this case he seems only to have put moral pressure upon his victims, and that the one young woman who ventured openly to resist was not annihilated on the spot by the wrath of the Jupiter of Versailles. Rather more space—even at the expense of St. Cyr—might perhaps have with advantage been devoted to the condition of the people. The reader hardly gets a sufficient idea of the appalling and hopeless misery of the mass of the inhabitants of France during a long period of its history; and without a knowledge of this dark side of the French monarchy, it is impossible to understand the Revolution. Miss Sewell may, however, be reserving this subject for her future volume.

There is so much to praise in this work that we are sorry to have to add that the early part is not equal to what we should have expected of Miss Sewell. There is a want of clearness and force in distinguishing between ancient Gaul, Merovingian Francia, Carolingian Francia, the West-Frankish Kingdom, and the France of the Parisian dynasty. The distinction between Gaul north of the Loire, where the Franks really settled, and Southern Gaul, where they exercised supremacy but made no permanent settlement, is not sufficiently brought out; and the use of "France" as a geographical, instead of a political, name is confusing. Miss Sewell is indeed careful to explain that the France of Chlodwig's days was not "the France of the present"; but she nevertheless seems unable quite to shake off a feeling that there is some definite "France" marked out by the hand of nature. "As Egbert, the first king of the Saxons," she says, "ruled only a portion of Britain, so Clovis and his immediate successors ruled only a portion of France." The analogy is misleading; the boundaries of Britain—at any rate, in the sense in which the name has been used from the days of Bæda to our own—being regulated by physical conditions, while Francia or France was a mere political expression. In a note to the chapter on Charles the Great, Miss Sewell opposes Franks in France to Franks in Germany. In the language of Charles's own time, France, *Francia*, was wherever the Franks were. The great point, that the France of the Parisian dynasty does not represent either ancient Gaul or Carolingian Francia, is nowhere made sufficiently clear. Miss Sewell in a manner understands it, but she cannot bring herself to state it boldly. Before she has got beyond Pippin the Short she begins to entangle herself in the question of "the claim of the modern French to the Rhenish provinces," and says, as it were apologetically, "But it must at the same time be acknowledged that the Frank empire and the French kingdom can in no way be considered identical." It is this hesitating tone which makes the whole of the history before the accession of the Parisian dynasty confused and misleading. She tells us that Charlemagne almost always spoke German, "for he had far more sympathy with the Teutonic race than with the Romanized Gauls." This is true, but it just contrives to ignore the simple fact that Charles spoke German because he was a German. The map-maker does what in him lies to increase the false impression by marking Paris in big letters, as if it had been the capital of the "Empire of Charlemagne"; while "Aix la Chapelle," the real capital of the mighty Frank, is allowed no such typographical distinction. The French influences under which Miss Sewell has written are marked by the use of modern French forms in personal names, such as "Pepin le Bref," "Louis le Débonnaire." All this is sure to have its effect in leading the pupil to think of the Karlings as Romance-speaking men reigning at Paris. When Pippin of Herstatt is remembered as "Pepin d'Héristal," the fact that his rise to power was a new triumph of the German over the Gallic element will probably be forgotten. It should be remembered that when these forms are used by French writers there is nothing particularly misleading in them. A Frenchman talks of Pepin le Bref or Pepin d'Héristal as he talks of Edouard d'Angleterre or Pierre-le-Grand—the use of his own language implies no assertion as to the nationality of the men thus designated. But the case is different when an English writer goes out of his way to employ French forms.

We wish also that more attention had been paid to the important subject of language. Nowhere is it distinctly mentioned that Latin almost entirely superseded the native tongues of Gaul; and but little notice is taken of the growth of the French language. Incidentally the Romance language, in which Louis the German's oath to his brother Charles was couched, is described as "a mixture of Latin and Gallic, the foundation of modern French." Now the *lingua Romana* cannot be scientifically described as a mixture. Some Gallic words passed into Latin, but the structure of the language was not affected. "On peut presque dire," is the judgment of M. Brachet, "que l'influence du celtique sur le français a été insensible." Even the far larger German infusion did not affect the syntax of the *lingua Romana*, which was in fact simply corrupted Latin. A glance at the oath of Louis the German will show that it is only a transition stage between Latin and French. There are one or two minor points which should be rectified. It

\* *Popular History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Louis XIV.* By Elizabeth M. Sewell, Author of "Amy Herbert," &c., "First History of Rome," "First History of Greece," "Ancient History of Egypt, Abyssinia, and Babylon," "History of the Early Church," "Catechisms of English, Roman, and Grecian History," &c. Longmans & Co. 1876.



was not the famous St. Columba, but his equally famous countryman St. Columban, who rebuked the vices of Theodoric II. By this time it ought to be well known that the fugitive Philip of Valois, when seeking admittance at the gates of the Castle of Broye (not, as Miss Sewell says, of Amiens), did not announce himself as "The fortunes of France," but, with more truth and simplicity, as "li infortunés rois de France." We should like to learn whether Miss Sewell has any good authority for believing the English ballad she quotes at p. 204 to have been current in the days of Agincourt. As it stands, the language and metre, which are those of *Lord Bateman*, proclaim it of a much later date:—

Away, away, went this lovely page,  
Away, away, and away went he,  
Until he came to the King of France,  
When he fell down on his bended knee.

Neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. was, as stated in the tables at the end of the book, "unmarried." As regards Charles X., this must be a mere slip, for he is elsewhere duly set down as the father of the murdered Duke of Berry, and the grandfather of the present Count of Chambord.

#### HEALTH-RESORTS OF EUROPE AND AFRICA.\*

DR. MADDEN'S book on foreign health-resorts appears to be extremely rational and sensible. We need hardly say that we make no pretensions to criticize his professional opinion on the comparative medicinal value of different waters; but so far as his general counsels to invalids are concerned, they are entirely confirmed by our own experience. He has a firm faith in the active virtues of certain springs, and in the soothing or stimulating effects of certain climates. But he will not admit that they can be a panacea in all cases, and, above all, in every stage of disease; and on these matters he lays down certain sound elementary principles which we strongly recommend to patients and those who are interested in their treatment. The first question that should be asked in every instance is, Is it still time to venture on experiments? It has been the custom among too many practitioners, and a cruel custom it is, to recommend change to a dying person when in reality hope is at an end. Consumptive patients used to be shipped to Madeira as a matter of course; and more recently they are condemned to exile on the Cornice, when it is morally certain that they must remain there in the cemetery. There may be cases where a genial Southern climate may give sensible relief to aggravated symptoms, and even delay for years the inevitable termination. Dr. Madden tells us that he has witnessed marvellous instances of such alleviations during the course of a few weeks' residence at Malaga. Sufferers who could scarcely totter from the wharf to their hotel on the neighbouring Alameda have been seen dancing joyously at picnics a week or two afterwards, and no whit the worse for their exertion. But it is his opinion that, for the more advanced stage of phthisis, change of air is absolutely useless. To a dying man a long journey must invariably be a terrible effort; and even when things fall far short of mortal illness, there may be much to be said against a move. The consequences of a winter voyage across the Bay of Biscay or the Gulf of Lyons may be more than enough to counterbalance the advantages of the sunnier skies of Malaga or Algiers. By Mont Cenis and Brindisi may be a convenient route for able-bodied travellers hurrying to the East; but to make that journey by express is anything but an appropriate introduction to a quiet winter at Cairo or on board a boat on the Nile. You may secure a comfortable *coupé lit* from Paris on the journey to Cannes or Mentone; but what is to guarantee your delicate charge against such a snowstorm as blocked a succession of trains last winter, leaving the occupants the choice of shivering in the carriages or plunging knee-deep through the snow-drifts in search of some inhospitable shelter? And even when your destination has been happily reached, you are still at the mercy of vicissitudes in the weather; while, under the most favourable circumstances, you will have to dispense with many of the luxuries and some of the necessities of existence to which you have been accustomed at home. The doors fit indifferently, even in villas that are hired at fancy rents. The windows rattle to each gust of wind. The fires must be fed with fuel that is sold like sugar, by the pound or the hundredweight; and possibly there is no fire-place at all, and you must make shift with primitive stoves, or even with pans of charcoal. The invalid has been accustomed to generous living, and languishes on half-grown beef and fibrous mutton, with chickens that are little but skin and bone, and kids that must have been miracles of inanition while living. The old brown sherry comes more probably from the ingenious laboratories of Hamburg than from the *bodegas* of Andalusia; and although the "port" may be so far an honest article, it may have fermented at Taragona in place of Oporto. The chemist of the place may puzzle himself over the commonest English prescriptions, and finally fall into some awkward blunder, while the warmth of the climate that is to heal your complaints may have evaporated half the virtues of his drugs. We agree with Dr. Madden that a suitable climate or a potent spring may often prove immensely beneficial; but before you decide upon trying the one or the other, all these possible drawbacks should be deliberately weighed.

We can pronounce his book an excellent guide, because, so far

\* *The Principal Health Resorts of Europe and Africa.* By Thomas More Madden, M.D., M.B.I.A. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1876.

as we can judge, he is entirely unprejudiced, while he possesses very comprehensive information. The chief difficulty in most cases with the anxious inquirer is to obtain trustworthy advice as to any particular health-resort. Probably the ideas of your English adviser are very nearly as vague as your own; or, which is more likely, he acts in all cases on some fancy which he has taken up on insufficient grounds. It is even more unsatisfactory when you are reduced to making inquiries of some resident physician. Ten to one he is the author of some standard book, which has served the local tradesmen and house agents as a standing advertisement. He has made out a most plausible case with the skill of a special pleader; and his volume and his advice will be all the more dangerous if he has succeeded in honestly deceiving himself. He has noted the remarkable cures and ignored the deaths and disappointments; and Dr. Madden repeatedly exposes by patent facts, by exact scientific analysis or reference to unimpeachable statistics, fallacies that have come to pass for facts, thanks to the distinguished authority which had promulgated them. We may hope that medical science is advancing, but Dr. Madden shows that experts of eminence still hold diametrically opposite opinions on the most radical and vital questions; while undoubtedly fashion has had much to do with advice of almost universal application. The idea is a very disagreeable one to people whose lives are at stake. Thus there was a time when consumptive patients in every period of the malady were despatched to Madeira without appeal, if they had the means of undertaking so costly a voyage. Now it would appear that Madeira is only to be recommended for those who are likely to be benefited by a sedative and humid climate; while those who require a dry, tonic, and stimulating atmosphere might have found scores of more suitable places very much nearer home. The merits of Madeira were fully tested by an experiment of the authorities of the Brompton Hospital, and the results were eminently unsatisfactory:—"Twenty-six carefully selected cases of phthisis were sent to winter in Madeira; of these only two were decidedly improved, seven were slightly improved, one died from hæmoptysis, five returned worse than when they left home, and in twelve cases no alteration could be observed in the patient's condition."

But, apart from the intrinsic appropriateness of a particular climate to a particular case, there are almost always extraneous adverse circumstances to be taken into account, and to these Dr. Madden calls special attention. For example, he has no great opinion of Mentone, and there, so far as our unscientific lights go, we are disposed to agree with him. He points out that there is always a grave objection against living in a locality that is small in extent, since mind and body must suffer alike from monotony of scene. Yet Dr. Bennet, who has done so much to make Mentone's reputation, lays special weight on its being on a mere ledge between the sea and the mountains, which produces much the same effect as if you were passing the winter on shipboard. We may add that at Mentone and most of its rivals on the Riviera, the invalid is either condemned to a tame uniformity of promenade on the level, or else, with a sore strain on the lungs, he must set his face to the steep paths up the hills. When the atmosphere is still, there is a depressing lack of ventilation which makes one sensible of any shortcomings in the drainage, and which is also a very indifferent preparation for the visits of occasional whirlwinds. We think that Dr. Madden is hard on Pau, although it must be owned that he bases his unfavourable opinion on elaborate tables of figures. The climate may be variable, and the rainfall we know to be exceedingly heavy; but the actual winter is short; as he acknowledges, there is a remarkable absence of wind; while only those who have tried the place in the autumn and the spring can realize the crisp buoyancy of the air in the town itself as in the neighbouring *coteaux*. And if an infinite variety of picturesque rides and excursions may count for anything towards an invalid's cure, Pau may assuredly be strongly recommended. In Spain, Dr. Madden objects to Valencia, which we fancied was most fortunate in its climate. But he tells us that the atmosphere is disagreeably variable, and that the wind, when it blows off the rice grounds of the *huerta*, comes laden with the seeds of malarious disease. He says nothing of the Balearic Islands, which we believe to be highly salubrious, although deficient, like Valencia, in doctors, accommodation, and excitement. But he is enthusiastic in his praise of Malaga, of which he has had long personal experience, although even at Malaga there is a deadly and treacherous wind that descends at intervals through a gap in the sheltering mountains. At all these places, and at Malaga more than most, the peril chiefly to be guarded against is the sharp fall in the temperature that follows after sundown, with the soaking night dews that take the place of rain. In Egypt there is little of that, but Alexandria is unhealthy from its low situation between the sea and the lagoons of Lake Mareotis, while Cairo, besides being dull when the first novelty is over, is occasionally exposed to hot blasts from the desert that are exceedingly trying. In the Nile valley and in Upper Egypt, residence is out of the question for most people except on board a dahabiah, though the readers of Lady Duff Gordon's delightful letters will remember how she wintered among the Arabs and the Tombs. And it is a tantalizing thought that some of the most perfect climates in the world are hopelessly beyond the reach of those who might greatly benefit by them. No expectations of improved health would compensate for going in perpetual terror of your life among a semi-savage population of bigoted Mussulmans, nor would a rough voyage in a coasting craft, or a long jolting across the Desert on camel-back, be an infallible specific for enfeebled lungs.

Many of these general observations on winter health-resorts apply

with equal force to those Continental baths which are only frequented during the summer season. Dr. Madden seems to have visited all the most famous of them, and to have carefully acquainted himself with the distinctive properties of their respective waters. As we have said already, he is a firm believer in their curative powers, although he holds of course that the effect of the springs is largely assisted by the change of air and life, of scene and habits. As the value of this part of his volume is chiefly medical and technical it is impossible to enter upon it in any detail. We shall only repeat in conclusion that, as a popular and practical guide on its subject, we have met with no work that more entirely recommends itself to our judgment. It is comprehensive, to the point, and apparently thoroughly trustworthy.

#### OWEN'S ART SCHOOLS OF MEDIEVAL CHRISTENDOM.\*

THE title of this neatly got up volume is a little misleading. Its contents—take, for example, Chapter II., "The Byzantine Churches," Chapter VI., "The Dawn of the Renaissance," Chapter VII., "The Two Florentine Monks"—do not quite bear out the idea usually conveyed by "Art Schools" either ancient or modern. And when we turn from the brief headings of chapters to the treatment, we find rhapsodical writing in the place of that serious criticism which the term "schools" might imply. Then, again, the title "Medieval Christendom" is not quite appropriate, inasmuch as the author begins with the Catacombs—that is, with an art prior to "Medievalism"—and ends with the Renaissance as late as 1594—a period at which, of course, "Medievalism" ceased to exist. However, the difficulties of settling a title-page are known to be so great that the mistake of shooting a little beyond the mark may readily be excused. A certain author is said to have rung the church bells when he hit on a felicitous title, so delighted was he; and in this book there is much ringing of bells and blowing of trumpets also, as if there were a tacit compact between the writer and the editor to the effect, If you will blow my trumpet, I will blow yours. And really the combined result is rather agreeable. Let the author speak. We take as significant samples of the whole five hundred pages the first and the last sentence, and should find it hard to say which of the two we prefer:—

When the Christian era dawned on the world, the embodiment of human passions and physical powers in the mythological art of Greece and Rome had found its inevitable end in a sensual worship; and a religion more gross than had been that which the Israelites were destined to sweep out of Canaan degraded the nations of the civilized world.

The Venetian school, with its unapproachable power of colour, completes the perfection, and closes the age of mediæval painting. The serious and thoughtful character of the race preserved them long from the influence of pagan art; and, whilst Roman and Florentine art vanishes in imbecility, the last memorial of Venetian painting is also one of the best treasures of Christian art, the sweet "Paradise" of Tintoret.

The use of the word "sweet," applied to a tremendous composition by Tintoretto about sixty feet long, led us to inquire into a delicate matter as to the writer's personality which is not revealed on the title-page. Are we dealing with a lady author? The name "Owen" is not unknown in art. Mr. Hugh Owen is an authority in ceramics, and another Mr. Owen holds a high position in the Art Museum of South Kensington; but neither has been known to use the word "sweet." In this difficulty we appealed to internal evidence; and, passing the eye across the pages, we found "sweet" in the best of company. Specimens of rather superlative criticism are coloured by such words and phrases as "gleam of brightness," "a gigantic task," "concentrated energies," "Raffaëlle's failure," Michael Angelo's "nurse's milk," "a passing dream of beauty," "above all moral and spiritual qualities"; and, as if the last was not quite strong enough already, the editor adds in a footnote, "Intensely and accurately true." The style of writing, as may be judged from these samples, is demonstrative; it is infused by an emotion which men, as a rule, grow out of on leaving their teens. Internal evidence then, even if other were wanting, indicates a lady's hand. It may be remembered that the first female student in the Royal Academy gained the right under the semi-incognito of initials; not till she presented herself at the door did the Academicians know that they had enfranchised women. In like manner "A. C. Owen" obtains entry into the academic groves of art criticism.

The author's account of the birth of the book reads as an oft-told tale. It would appear that a series of papers concerning art were published in a periodical. The sequel, which comes almost as a matter of course, was that "several of the writer's friends, and other persons, from time to time, expressed an opinion that the papers would be useful beyond the circle of readers for whom they were originally intended." But we have almost too long kept back Professor Ruskin; his name occurs, at a rough estimate, about two hundred times, and therefore in a certain sense, in editing this volume, he confers an honour on himself. The compliments which pass between writer and editor read as choice bits of what the Germans would call æsthetic flirtation, and deserve to be remembered among the "curiosities of literature." We had already ventured on the conjecture that the author is, much to her credit, an authoress. But the Slade Pro-

fessor, in a preface which may have cost him twenty minutes to write, lets the cat out of the bag without the slightest hesitation. Miss Owen is formally introduced as his pupil, and tribute is paid to the serenity of these essays, which Mr. Ruskin fears to oppress "with the stormy chiaroscuro of his own preference and reprobation." Wishing to do full justice to both parties we quote the closing sentence of the Professor's preface:—

I leave the work therefore absolutely Miss Owen's, with occasional notes of remonstrance, but without retouch; though it must be distinctly understood that when I allow my name to stand as the editor of a book, it is in no mere compliment (if my editorship could indeed be held as such) to the genius or merit of the author; but it means that I hold myself entirely responsible, in main points, for the accuracy of the views advanced, and that I wish the work to be received, by those who have confidence in my former teaching, as an extension and application of the parts of it which I have felt to be incomplete.

From this it would appear that a Professor's condescension may be even in excess of the pride which apes humility. To be a pupil of Mr. Ruskin goes for much, and yet we must remember the dictum of Dr. Johnson, that the utmost speed of a teacher must after all be abated by the slowness of his scholars. Miss Owen compiles laboriously, but not always from the best sources; she places faith in the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, the *alter ego* of Mr. Ruskin; she uses, too, Gally Knight, of whom Lord Byron said he would rather be a galley slave; she quotes again and again from Harford's *Michael Angelo*, a book which long ago ceased to be an authority; and, though she dates from Oxford, she apologizes that she "has not the means at hand" by which to correct the lists of works in British galleries, and "hopes that any deficiencies on this point will be excused." We might have supposed that the means of communication between Oxford and London had nowadays become sufficiently easy to enable a truth-seeking author to visit the British Museum in order to correct lists which, if inaccurate, ought not to have been published at all. But Mr. Ruskin most kindly has come to the rescue, and tells us that these pages supply what may have been a little incomplete in his former teachings.

Mr. Ruskin's preface deserves to be read, especially as it does not extend to quite four pages. His literary vocabulary is known to be choice, as when, in *Academy Notes*, he pronounced the whiskers of a cat "precious." Attesting, as he here solemnly does, the value of his own teachings and the fidelity of his pupil, it may perhaps be well to remember that he has been known dogmatically to assert that, until he has contradicted himself at least three times, his meaning cannot be ascertained. And now we concede that we here enjoy the privilege of appreciating the latest of his contradictions. Among the newest of Mr. Ruskin's discoveries is that "Vasari is an ass with precious things in his panniers." But we regret to add that between Mr. Ruskin and Miss Owen there has somehow arisen a divergence of opinion as to what is "vulgar" in art. Thus, appended to a well-meant passage by the pupil, the master writes "Excellent; but my good scholar has not distinguished vulgar from non-vulgar naturalism. Perhaps she will as I read on." Yet, reading on, we fear that the purism of the Professor's mind was doomed to disappointment. Strange enough to say, in the chapter dedicated to "the Lombard Carvers," is found this sentence:—"On the other hand, the buxom matrons of Rubens and Vandyke, or the peasant groups of Caracci; the scene dramatized, the mystery degraded into a delineation of an incident of vulgar life, the thought levelled to the composition of the painting." This rather slipshod passage, which it might be difficult to parse, provokes Mr. Ruskin to take his pupil to task, and Miss Owen in a footnote confesses that "Professor Ruskin reminds me that I have not defined vulgarity in art. I think I cannot do better than take his own definition, that Vulgarity is in the concealment of truth or in affectation." The Professor and the pupil having thus come to an agreement as to "vulgarity," the matter may end, but we do not pretend to understand it. Mr. Ruskin apologizes for his editorship because it has been "interrupted and imperfect." We agree, and yet we cannot but thank him for the following choice morsels. Perhaps the first is the best, because it happens to be nearly true:—

What does it matter what may be, or what is scarcely credible? I hope the reader will consider what a waste of time the thinking of things is, when we can never rightly know them.—Ed.

Noah Drunk. I don't "maintain" anything of the sort; I know it. He is as drunk as a man can be—and the expression of drunkenness given with deliberate and intense skill—as on the angle of the Ducal Palace of Venice.

Giotto's Crayon.—Footnote.—Not a brush, with which, as Professor Ruskin explained, the feat would have been impossible. See "Giotto and his Works in Padua" [Don't; but practise with a camel's-hair brush till you can do it. I knew nothing of brush-work proper when I wrote that essay on Padua.—Ed.]

It may seem to savour of presumption that an author to whom we give the credit of wishing to learn more than she knows should make a deliberate attack on Raffaëlle and Michael Angelo. But it is to be borne in mind that in so doing she but follows the behests of her master. Assuming as her title "Art Schools," she arrays herself against the Roman school, which has been justly deemed by Reynolds, Fuseli, Passavant, Grimm, and a host of others the culminating point in art. But we have long suffered, in the hands of M. Rio and Mr. Ruskin, under a pre-Raffaëllite reaction, not altogether unsalutary in itself and in its sequences; yet now, in the twelfth hour, when much of the good to be done is already accomplished,

\* *The Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom.* By A. C. Owen. Edited by J. Ruskin, Ch. Ch. Oxford, Slade Professor. London: Mozley & Smith. 1876.



it would seem rather late in the day to listen to the lispsings of the nursery. The whole affair reads rather like the account published by Mr. Ruskin himself of his teachings in a certain ladies' school, wherein, having brought his interesting remarks to a climax, he is supposed to have said, "Now, my dear girls, let us take a cup of tea together." There is a good deal of what may be called pleasant tea-pot philosophy in this pretty little volume. But unluckily, according to a universal law, the imitator exaggerates the fault of the original. We are glad, however, to observe that Miss Owen condescends to say a few kind things of Michael Angelo, though on the whole we gather that he was rather a mistaken man. With regard to Raffaele she becomes more decided, and as to the cartoon of the "Charge to St. Peter," she asks, "Could anything be more false in teaching, and in fact from beginning to end? We feel that that last wonderful chapter of St. John has been for ever vulgarized." Truth-seeking students of Raffaele's Cartoons will know what value to set on the word "vulgarized," especially as we have already seen that as to what is vulgar in art there is some slight divergence of opinion between the master and the pupil. On the whole, perhaps Raffaele may yet be able to take care of himself.

We must not omit to say that the Slade Professor has the poorest possible opinion of "the books of reference published by Mr. Murray." The well-known Handbooks, "though of extreme value to travellers who make it their object to see (in his and their sense of the word) whatever is to be seen, are of none whatever, or may perhaps be considered, justly, as even of quite the reverse of value, to travellers who wish to see only what they may in simplicity understand and with pleasure remember." In answer to this we may say that for more than a quarter of a century we have been in the habit of travelling over the length and breadth of Europe with "Murray" as a guide; and, after having read through this volume we are of opinion that it is, as a handbook, all but useless. But Mr. Ruskin happens to have a crotchet against publishers; his works, as every one knows, do not come out any longer in London, but appear in some quiet place in Kent, whence they are delivered from door to door by means of a small horse and cart. The notice we have afforded to this volume almost needs apology, were it not that the book belongs to a class which already inflicts an injury on art, and, if permitted to grow, might become a tyranny. We think it a duty on the part of those who know what art is to speak out concerning such presumptuous pretensions. The teachings claim to be of special value to the young; but they conspicuously lack that spirit of teachableness, that humility of mind and subjection to authority, which we are told are the beginnings of wisdom.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, 1650.\*

THIS is the first volume of State Papers in which we have seen the new "Instructions to Editors." Nothing can be more business-like or more to the point than the observations prefixed to the twelve rules laid down. Nor have we any objection to allege to any of the rules till we come to the last, which, if it be adhered to strictly, will deprive the reading public of a great deal of pleasure, and seriously interfere with the ease and profit with which they may read the accounts of the documents calendared in these volumes. We should be sorry indeed if the order not to exceed fifty pages of preface should be enforced at all literally, though it may be that in some few cases the expressions of private opinion by certain editors have called forth disapprobation and deserved animadversion. We trust we shall not lose the great advantage of Mr. Brewer's prefaces, though it may be there was no absolute necessity for his issuing so long and elaborate a preface as that which we have noticed (see *Saturday Review*, February 26 and March 8, 1876), and which perhaps injudiciously preceded the publication of the last portion of his fourth volume.

However, our present business is with Mrs. Everett Green, and we have no reason to find fault with the brevity of her introduction, though it occupies much less than the fifty pages to which she was limited; nor again could we have wished it longer, for there is really little scope for commenting on the papers calendared in this second volume of Commonwealth times. The first extended to the end of the session of the Council of State, and this volume would have comprehended the whole of the second year of their election—or re-election, as we might call it, for there is scarcely any change in the names of the members—but unfortunately the concluding portion is filled with notices of warrants and other matters of minor importance, and the editor has been obliged to end her volume at December 31, 1650, thus omitting the last six weeks of the sittings of the Council. The list of the daily attendances, however, is continued to its dissolution—i.e. to the 15th of February, 1651. In reviewing the previous volume we observed that it was the dulllest of those works issued by the Master of the Rolls which we had seen. And the present volume very nearly matches it in this respect, as much the larger part of it deals with the daily proceedings of the Council of State and of the Admiralty Committee, which are generally followed by certain communications from one or the other of these

bodies, and addressed to various persons, frequently referring to matters of no great political interest. Where there is any real interest in the letters, attention has been for the most part drawn to them in the preface if they relate to the general history of the time. But there is a very curious series of letters relating to the movements of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., which do not appear to have been much noticed hitherto, and with regard to which the present editor has been entirely silent. We had marked these letters as noteworthy before we discovered that extracts from them had been printed in Cary's *Memorials of the Great Civil War*, from copies in the Tanner Collection in the Bodleian Library. They are six in number, and bear date respectively, June 2, August 3, from Jersey; September 21, from Paris; October 12, October 19, and November 5, from Brussels. There are also extracts from six letters from the copies at Oxford, the originals of which are said by the editor of the *Memorials* to be in the State Paper Office, but it appears that only three coincide with those which Mrs. Everett Green has calendared. This seems to prove that there are letters which have escaped the present editor's observation, unless, since the date when the Tanner extracts were made, they have been abstracted. This seems unlikely, and we hope they may yet be found. Two of them are exceedingly important, as they render intelligible allusions in those letters which Mrs. Green has printed. They refer to a connexion between the young Duke of York and his tutor, Dr. Steward, who had played so important a part at the Treaty of Uxbridge, and would have been a conspicuous member of the episcopal bench if he had lived to the Restoration. The history which they reveal is important. It may be in the recollection of some of our readers that James II. justified or apologized for his change of religion by alleging that he could see no real distinction between the doctrine of the Eucharist as taught him by Dr. Steward and that of Transubstantiation held by Rome. We have here perhaps the earliest intimation of James's bias towards Rome, and we have also additional evidence of what was the opinion of a leading divine of the day, specially chosen to be in attendance, first upon Charles, and then upon his younger son, as regards Eucharistic doctrine. The letters as calendared allude to some secret which could not be divulged; but the supplement to them supplied in the last two letters from Brussels of December 8 and 12, as printed by Cary, explains the whole state of the case—how James, partly from curiosity, and partly from better motives, was fond of hearing Mass, and that Dr. Steward did not at all disapprove of his doing so, except upon political considerations. Just at the very time when his brother was making all kinds of concessions to the Presbyterian party in order to regain his throne, it was of course very bad policy that the heir presumptive should appear frequently at Mass. And so Dr. Steward observes that he never moved his Highness to go at any time, and that he did not like his so frequent attendance, but thought it well that he should be himself in waiting on him on such occasions.

The most interesting part of the volume, probably, to most readers, will be the letters which refer to the unsuccessful attempt made by Charles in 1650 to recover the crown with the help of the Presbyterians, which, if it had been successful, must undoubtedly have led to the establishment of the Presbyterian platform as the religion of the nation. In some of these volumes it would be quite possible for one almost wholly ignorant of history to make out a fair account of what was going on during the period; but the documents in this volume provide no such amount of information. Yet there are a few interesting papers which throw light upon the attitude of the parties into which the nation was divided, though it might be difficult for one not conversant with the history of the period to understand them fully. Amongst others, we notice especially the letter from Richard Bradshaw to the President of the Council, dated from Chester, March 2, in which he describes the difficulties he encountered in enforcing the engagement. After noticing his ineffectual attempts with the justices of peace, mayors, recorders, and others in authority, he says, "the reason of the people's backwardness is chiefly the frequent deterring arguments from pulpits, whence the rigid Presbyterians shake the minds of men, setting the engagement directly in opposition to the covenant, charging covenant-breaking and perjury upon all that have subscribed, and labouring to render them odious to the people; yet all is woven so cunningly that the thread appears not wherewith to bind up such zealots. I have questioned some, and their answer is, that they by authority of Parliament pressed the covenant upon their people, and now, being persuaded that the present engagement clashes with it, they are bound to warn the people of their danger" (p. 21). He concludes with stating his opinion that, instead of enforcing the engagement by order of Parliament, which would favour the purposes of those who were resolved to oppose the Government, and might be anxious to be looked upon as a persecuted party, it would be better to send two or three able ministers down "to clear the equity of subscribing, as consistent with the real ends of the covenant."

With the single exception of this letter to the President of the Council, the few intercepted letters of the Royalists form the most interesting part of the volume. That from Aytoun to Secretary Nicholas of August 1 gives a remarkable description of the hopes and fears of one who had much misgiving as to the style of the companions with whom the young prince was obliged to associate, and who must have heartily disapproved of the King's conduct in signing the covenants, national and solemn, for the purpose of being acknowledged king, "after a new form of their own making, never heard of before," which, it was intended, should be completed by

\* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1650, preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Ann Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.*

a coronation at Edinburgh about a fortnight afterwards. The letter details the narrow escape the prince had of falling in with Parliamentary vessels, from which he was only saved by a thick Scotch mist. From another letter, written about a fortnight later from Utrecht by Secretary Nicholas, we learn how little the attempt of the prince to return by the aid of the Scottish Presbyterians was approved by other parties. In the uncertainty created by the variety of reports about a battle between Cromwell and the Scots, he writes:—"The Papists and Arminians in these and other parts hereabouts, and especially at Amsterdam, as well as the Brownists and Anabaptists, are very much exasperated against his Highness, and the latter are underhand much encouraged by those in England" (p. 289). We must pass by the infamous declaration of August 16, in which the King deliberately took an oath which he meant to break on the first opportunity. Perhaps some of the Ministers may have believed in his sincerity, and amongst them probably were those who are described in a letter from Sir George Radcliffe to Secretary Nicholas as having "lately purged their army of five thousand profane persons," going about telling the soldiers that it was the cause of God and not to be maintained by wicked men, meaning all who went by the name of Cavaliers and the adherents of Montrose and Hamilton. Yet, little as the Royalists had reason to hope for a success which must have been very damaging to their cause in the long run, we find on the very day before the battle of Dunbar, Sir George Radcliffe, writing to Secretary Nicholas, describing the straits under which he supposed Cromwell would have to fight or be gone, two thousand of his men having, as he thought, been killed or wounded, and four hundred of them having deserted to the Scots. Perhaps he had forgotten the loss the Prince's side had sustained by the "purging out of the five thousand profane persons." At any rate, on the following day the battle of Dunbar was fought and Cromwell won the day. On the 7th of September, the day's proceedings of the Council of State commenced with "the relation of the success of the army against the Scots," which was ordered to be printed and sent to the Lord Mayor for publication in the parish churches, while thanks were to be returned to God for his great mercy shown to this nation in that happy success.

But the Council of State not only managed political and secular affairs. The minutest details of the affairs of private persons and the religious belief of the nation at large were equally their concern. The following entry, of November 19, may suggest a comparison or a contrast with recent proceedings in the same diocese:—

To write the Mayor of Gloucester [there was no Bishop of Gloucester at that time] and William Shephard and John Dowe to examine witnesses on oath concerning what has been preached by Mr. Knolles in the city of Gloucester, in maintenance of his erroneous opinion against the divinity of Jesus Christ, and those examinations be sent to Council.—P. 433.

Not long after this we have an entry of December 26, in which a Committee is appointed to inquire into precedents for the restraining of the resort of English people to ambassadors' houses to hear Mass. On the same day they notice a complaint brought before them "that there was very wilful and strict observation of the day commonly called Christmas Day throughout the cities of London and Westminster by a general keeping of shops shut up, and that there were contemptuous speeches used by some in favour thereof, which Council conceives to be upon the old grounds of superstition and malignancy, and tending to the avowing of the same and contempt of the present laws and Government." Part of the same *Item* of Proceedings is that the Council "have received information of frequent resort and exercise of the idolatrous Mass, to the great dishonour of Almighty God, notorious breach of the laws, and scandal of the Government, wherein they have already taken some course, and desire Parliament to take that matter also into consideration for further remedies and suppression of that idolatry." Fortunately the day of Puritan ascendancy is gone by.

We must not forget to call attention to the six pages of Addenda which contain the epitomes of a few documents which seem to have been forgotten whilst the rest of the volume was in the printer's hands. Two documents printed here, which are dated from Stockholm, of February 18 and March 13, are of special interest, as indicating the cautious attitude which in the then existing state of things the Queen of Sweden thought proper to adopt in her communications with the exiled prince. From one of these letters it appears that a proposition had been made some time previously "for the King's coming into Sweden personally." Of the execution of the volume we have only to repeat what we said of the preceding one, that it is quite unexceptionable.

#### AZALEA.\*

MODERN novels, with all their failings, minister at least one consolation to the reader by reminding him that, however bad things may be, they can be imagined as even less satisfactory. Mr. Swinburne has told the world that there is nothing so peculiar "but his verse can dream of worse"; and there are few situations or persons so intolerable that the fancy of the novelist cannot surpass them in iniquity. It is quite a relief to come back to a spell of "extraordinary disclosures" in public and private life after a day's acquaintance with the men and women of some popular authors. On the other hand, to step out of the world in which

the heroine of *Azalea* moves—when she does move, for she prefers "to be grandly and silently interesting"—is to suffer a painful shock. People whose nerves have been shaken by overwork or anxiety, people who wish to forget that there are such things as passion and suffering in the world, should read this smoothest of all smooth tales, and enjoy the society of the innocent persons. The worst characters in *Azalea* are sometimes flippant or a little peevish, but their failings are never allowed to interfere with the tranquil happiness of the hero and heroine.

*Azalea*, the lady who gives her name to this story, was the daughter of an English gentleman and an Italian Jewess. Her father, Augustus Chiltern, was the younger brother of Mr. Chiltern of Dillon, a poor country gentleman, who, but for the extravagance of his ancestors, would have been Chiltern of Chiltern Chase. That estate, however, had been sold to a family named Lifford, on condition that at any time during the next sixty years the Chilterns should have the power to buy back the place for the same sum—80,000*l.*—as the Liffords gave for it. Augustus was not the man to earn 80,000*l.*, for he was a thriftless and unsuccessful artist, who, seeing the pretty daughter of old Taddeo Rosario, the Jewish silk merchant, in a boat on the Lake of Lugano, fell in love with her, married her, and died leaving her to be the mother of *Azalea*. This young lady was born "a few months" after her father's death, but he himself "had settled that his child should be so called. He was capable of finding an original and taking name for his daughter, though he might never have been able to earn her bread." What name he had destined for *Azalea*, supposing that she had turned out to be a boy, and how he managed to teach his wife the perfect English in which she in turn instructed her daughter, are matters beyond conjecture.

When the story opens, Mr. Chiltern has just been induced by his friend the vicar of the parish to send for *Azalea*, left an orphan at thirteen by the death of her mother. The Squire of Dillon was a widower, with an only son Harold, whom every one spoiled, a poor estate, and a library of well-bound books. He was not inclined to welcome *Azalea*, till the vicar advanced the argument that he might drop his subscription to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and rescue his niece from Judaism by adopting her. *Azalea* turned out to be all that a young lady in process of development into a classic and statue-like beauty ought to appear. She at once exhibited a cousinly love for Harold, who was just leaving Eton for Oxford, and listened to his schemes for making 80,000*l.* at the diggings and winning back Chiltern to his family. Her intellectual tastes showed themselves in a preference for church music over lessons in geography, but she was a docile listener to her cousin's account of his philosophical studies.

There were two ways by which Harold Chiltern might recover his paternal property. He might earn 80,000*l.*, or he might marry the heiress of Chiltern Chase. This young lady, called Madge, who is the naughtiest person in the book, had made a runaway match with a Captain Elliot, "as handsome as an angel would become if he were trained in the Life Guards, and had his figure attended to," had quarrelled with him, and had been left a widow. As Harold had an inclination for *Azalea*, he preferred to seek his own fortune. Every one knows that even a first-class man like Harold cannot make 80,000*l.* in twenty years at Oxford, so this hero hit on a notable device, which he thus communicates to his father:—

I am writing for a berth in the P. and O. steamer which starts on the 4th of November. That will take me as far as Ceylon, and there I shall decide further where I am to go. I have not quite settled on Australia, but I fancy I shall find myself there. It may seem rather wild to start in this way, without knowing where I am going; but, once on board ship, I shall be thrown with more men who can help me with advice than I shall be likely to meet in a year at home.

In spite of Mr. Chiltern's feeble opposition to this "rather wild" scheme, Harold started for the gorgeous East at large, having previously made everything safe by saying to the obedient *Azalea*, "Let us, if possible, meet as we part now."

Ordinary experience in novels or in real life tells us that a gentleman runs a certain risk when he disappears for an indefinite term of years, and leaves a pretty cousin engaged to or rather entangled with him. Nor is the danger less when the pretty cousin is taken to London, and is recognized as the most beautiful woman of the season. Finally, when she is introduced to society by a lady of slightly damaged reputation who wishes to marry her lover, there is every chance of a complicated and difficult situation. *Azalea* was subjected to all these temptations; she was taken to town by Mrs. Elliot, who had designs upon Harold; she was besieged by suitors, and duchesses eagerly welcomed her to their evening parties. But among all her pleasures *Azalea* preferred going to Westminster Abbey and the National Gallery. She was escorted to that palace of art by one of her many admirers, Colonel St. John, and astonished that critic by preferring Botticelli's and Angelico's angels to the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian:—

"Does not everything pale before this rich beauty?" Colonel St. John asked.

*Azalea* looked steadily at the picture for some minutes before answering, and then she said,

"The colouring is wonderfully rich; and no one can deny the genius of the man who painted such a picture. But it does not affect me as those earlier ones do. Somehow I don't feel as if I should be any the better for living with this picture, as I feel I ought to be if I lived with one of Fra Angelico's."

"It was a new kind of criticism to St. John's ear," which proves that St. John had not gone deeply into the literature of fine art. But he himself soon made an æsthetic remark which is

\* *Azalea*. By Cecil Clayton. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.



well worth quoting as an instance of the perfect equanimity with which the tranquil persons in *Azalea* meet the trials of life. Azalea and Mrs. Elliot had passed through the London season, and the former had rejected a calm lover, named Sir Philip Tremayne, whose proposal is described with some humour. Tired of the dust and noise, they went to Ems, accompanied by St. John, who made himself very agreeable to Azalea. Encouraged by her friendship, he proposed to her "in an Arcadian retreat," and was just going to say "Dear Azalea, won at last," when he saw that the maiden was paying no attention to his entreaties. "She moved hastily forward, and seized her cousin Harold by the arm":—

They neither of them spoke for a minute; delighted wonder and astonishment were written on both their faces; and the picture now before him was never effaced from St. John's brain, where in that minute it burnt itself through and through. . . . "Well," he said to himself, as he turned away with a feeling that he had better hide himself from the haunts of men, "I only wish that Millais could have seen that. What a *pendant* it would have made to the Huguénots. Yes, you would see how she had thought of him, and mourned for him as dead, and this would be his unexpected return. Well, if I have lost my chance of a wife, I have at least seen a pretty picture."

A supplanted lover whose mind at once turns to Mr. Millais and popular engravings is a calm and well-bred character too rare in novels. And yet how much more sensible it is to behave like St. John than to tremble, and swear, and gnash one's teeth, and vow revenge, like ill-conditioned suitors in ordinary romances.

It may be necessary to explain how Harold reached Ems, when he was supposed to be at the diggings, or elsewhere. In his vague voyage to the East he had chanced to meet a certain Mrs. McGregor, the showy wife of a merchant in Calcutta, and, as it seems, a leader of society there. This lady took a fancy for Harold, invited him to a luncheon on the top of the Great Pyramid, and afterwards to stay at the house of her husband, who conveniently made him his confidential clerk. In this capacity he had now returned to Europe, the owner of 5,000*l.* towards the desirable eighty thousand. Under his escort Azalea went back to Dillon, where a great and unlooked for disappointment awaited this young couple. Mr. Chiltern did not approve of the marriage, and refused to give his consent till a year should elapse. Azalea of course displayed her usual tranquil acquiescence; but the sorely-trying Harold might have rebelled had not "his lucky star been still in the ascendant." A letter came from Lugano announcing that old Rosario was dying, and wished to see Azalea before he departed. She could not travel alone, and Harold solved the formidable difficulty by getting his father's consent and a licence, and marrying her early on the day after the letter arrived. "Was there ever anything so jolly!" said the ardent Harold, and, indeed, from a man's point of view, it would be hard to discover a more agreeable conclusion to the usual annoyances of an engagement. The course of true love seldom runs so smooth as not to break against the terrible reef of small vexations and trivial duties which society has set at the entrance of married life.

It is scarcely necessary to say that old Rosario managed to die in the most accommodating way in the world. Any other old invalid would have lingered for weeks and months, keeping Azalea at his bedside, and teasing Harold by his tenacity of life. But this obliging relative was much more punctual. He just allowed time for the happy pair to make an interesting trip from England to Lugano, by way of Basel and Lucerne, received the adieux of Azalea and a few soothing draughts from her ministering hands, and then "passed quietly away in his sleep," without giving any trouble, or making a painful scene, as, according to novelists, many old Jews do upon their death-beds. The reader does not need to be told that Rosario was immensely rich, and that Azalea inherited his wealth. Harold's "beautiful flower was worth some hundred and twenty thousand pounds odd," as he told her exultingly, and as a matter of course Chiltern might now be theirs. In any other novel there might have been some slight difficulty with Mrs. Elliot, the heiress of the Chase, who, as we have seen, rather wanted to marry Harold. But this good-humoured creature had consoled herself and Sir Philip Tremayne by accepting his hand, and she wrote to Azalea to say that "it was a nuisance having two places," and she wished Harold "would take Chiltern off her hands." "Before May," Chiltern was formally handed over to Harold, strictly entailed to his heirs in perpetuity. Lest the fond reader should feel any anxiety about the entail, we are given "a hint at the advent of an inheritor for the next generation," and so the curtain falls.

It is impossible to be out of humour with a novel so soothing and so smooth as *Azalea*. The style is a fluent prattle, with little sparkles of mild effervescence where the flippant Madge is allowed to intrude on the passionless heroine's "divine tranquillity." Finally, the print of *Azalea* is so clear, and the margins are so wide, that the pleased student finds that he has reached "The End" in half the time, and without any of the wear and tear of temper that are generally expended on a journey into the realms of fiction.

#### THE LAND OF THE TAMILIANS.\*

THE land of the Tamulians, or Tamul-speaking people, stretches from a little north of Madras to Cape Comorin, the southern

\* *The Land of the Tamulians, and its Missions.* By the Rev. E. R. Baierlein, Missionary, Evangelical Lutheran Society. Translated from the German by J. D. B. Gribble, F.R.A.S., M.A.I., Madras Civil Service. Printed by Higginbotham & Co.

extremity of India, and the number of the Tamul-speaking people amounts, according to the Census, to sixteen millions. This mere statement of their numbers is of itself a sufficient claim to attention; but when it is added that the Tamulians are the most advanced and civilized of all the Dravidian races subject to the British Crown, an interest in this people ought to be awakened even among men who never before gave a thought to them. The civilization of the Tamulians is of no modern growth. Ptolemy and other Western writers speak of the Tamulian kingdoms of Pándya, Chola, and Chera, and mention that city of magnificent buildings, the city of Madura, which excited the wonder of ancient times, and has lately attracted the interest of the Prince of Wales.

The work before us was written in German by the Rev. E. R. Baierlein, a missionary of the Evangelical Lutheran Society, and has been translated into English by Mr. J. D. B. Gribble, of the Madras Civil Service. It is as well perhaps that our readers should know as much as the book tells about its origin. The translator says in his preface:—

A portion of this book has already appeared in a German missionary publication. A considerable portion is here translated from the original manuscript, and the whole has been subjected to the revision of the author. . . . I feel that some apology is needed for the many faults and imperfections of the translation. It has been passed through the press in the intervals of official work, and had I had more leisure I trust it would have been less imperfect.

The work, then, consists of desultory sketches prepared for the periodical press, turned into English by a gentleman who apologizes, and not without good reasons, for his defective translation. This is not an attractive introduction; but though censurable for carelessness of execution, the work contains so much that is curious and interesting that it is not to be wholly condemned. It is greatly to be desired that the author had arranged the first part of his work in a more orderly manner, and that he had practised "the art to blot." Crude opinions and platitudes may interest a circle of admiring friends, or even a larger circle of missionary enthusiasts, but such aphorisms as "It is true that oaks do not grow so fast as thistles, nor does gold sprout from the ground like mushrooms," ought to find no place in a work making pretensions to permanence, if indeed they are anywhere admissible in print. In most instances the blame can be very fairly divided between the author and the translator. For inaccurate, slipshod and vulgar English the translator must bear the blame. He is answerable for the statement that "the washerman fetches his linen from house to house, and carries it to the river or tank, where he beats it upon a stone until he has knocked the dirt out and some holes in. If the river is too far he keeps one or more donkeys to carry the wash, but as these animals have to find themselves, they are by no means Egyptian in appearance." In some instances, however, the reader is baffled, as in the following passage, for, if this had a meaning originally, the translation has not retained it:—"At the close of the so-called golden age (which went to pieces near Noah's ark), we see the whole of mankind gathered together in the ark."

But quitting these faults of composition and translation, we will turn to the matter of the work. Mr. Baierlein went to India more than twenty years ago. He has evidently kept his eyes open, and has been a careful observer of the manners, customs, and ways of life of the people among whom he has lived. He is partial to the people, and might if he pleased write a full and interesting account of them and their ways. Like a true German also, he set himself to acquire a knowledge of the writings both of Hindus and Tamulians. It is hardly possible for a man to be a successful missionary without some little knowledge of native literature. The author also endeavours to give his readers some idea of the Vedas, of the Tamul poems, of Hindu philosophy, and of ethnological matters. His sketches are necessarily brief and occasionally vague, but they will probably be read by many who would never otherwise have got any knowledge of these subjects. The more interesting part of the work to a very considerable number of people will be that which is devoted to the history of missions. Mr. Baierlein, as we have said, is a Lutheran clergyman. Some might call him bigoted, for he is, as he ought to be, a strong, unwavering defender of the Church he serves. He is occasionally a little too bitter against rival missionary bodies, and too censorious of some of their proceedings. All, however, who know anything about missionaries in India are well aware of the bickerings and jealousies among them, and it is well that these should not be concealed. Publicity may assuage, if it cannot remove, them. No good, large-hearted Christian can look with favour upon the rivalry which makes the gain of a convert from a different denomination of Christians a matter of nearly as great cause for rejoicing as that of a heathen. Mr. Baierlein begins from the earliest days, and repeats the legend of St. Thomas having visited India and given his name to St. Thomé near Madras. He certainly speaks of this legend as a "report," but he might have added that the legend has been assailed, and confuted, as many believe. There can be little doubt, however, that there were Christians in India in the second century. Afterwards the Nestorians were the missionaries in India, and they founded the Church of Syrian Christians, subject to the Patriarch of Babylon. On the arrival of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century a great and continuous effort was made to win these Syrians to submit to Rome. Menezes, Archbishop of Goa, was very active and successful, but we will allow Mr. Baierlein to tell the story, as it is a fair specimen of the *odium theologicum*. He

effected his purpose, and the Syrians became Romish. . . . Most of the Syrian books were burnt, and in their place others with prayers to Mary

and the Saints were introduced. About the heathen around Menezes did not trouble himself. They might go to hell as fast as they liked. The Christians too might remain as ignorant as ever, but one thing they must do, they must learn how to pray to Mary and the Saints. Whether they knew more than before of Christ was not the Bishop's matter; but what he insisted upon was, that they should know the Pope and know him as their master, and on this depended their salvation.

In the course of half a century the power of the Portuguese declined, and all Menezes's Romanizing work was undone. The Syrian Christians now received their bishops from Antioch, whose duties were to heal the manifold dissensions among them and to collect money for the Patriarch. So it has gone on until the present day. The Syrians have declined in purity of worship and intelligence. Nor have their differences been healed; for "in 1848 the Patriarch of Antioch had five bishops amongst the Thomas Christians, each of whom was engaged in excommunicating the others." When the English came in contact with the Syrian Christians, "they found fifty-five churches that had nothing in common with Rome." From 1816 English missionaries worked among them. They provided a school for them to which professors of Syriac, Hebrew, Latin, and English were appointed. But little good resulted. The doctrines of the missionaries and of the Syrians clashed upon many points. The Syrian bishop grew colder and colder, many of his flock withdrew from the missionaries, and when Bishop Wilson wished to assert his authority over this body of Christians, the rupture was completed. Most of them declared that the Patriarch of Antioch was their head, and remained steadfast in their allegiance. The missionaries withdrew, carrying with them some who adhered to their teaching. So that in this ancient body of Christians there is the old party under the Patriarch of Antioch, and there is a Romish section and an Anglican section.

The Portuguese made some considerable efforts to secure converts, but Albuquerque, the great Portuguese leader, was more successful in providing Christian inhabitants for the Portuguese territories. He took Goa in 1570, and he soon saw that Portugal could not supply sufficient men to hold and extend its possessions; but that he must raise men there. So he married his soldiers to native girls and made these matches acceptable, if not agreeable, by dowries carved out of the possessions of the Mahomedans whom he had killed or driven away. The girls were forced to embrace Christianity, their children were brought up as Christians and the boys as soldiers. Thus "Goa was soon filled with Christians. They were Christians, however, by name only and by form, and these were allowed to resemble (*sic*) heathenish forms as much as possible." Of Xavier's work Mr. Baierlein takes a disparaging view. He allows that large numbers received his baptism, but makes light of his success, because it was transient. It is supposed that Xavier baptized some two hundred thousand persons; but as he had very few priests and teachers with him, and the converts were mostly left to their own guidance, it was not to be expected that the impression would endure. Xavier himself was weary of such results and went to the Molucca Islands. When he returned to India five years afterwards he found but few traces of his former work, and gave utterance to his feelings in words of great bitterness. He wrote:—"The whole race of Hindoos is barbarous and will listen to nothing that does not suit its barbarous customs. . . . On account of the magnitude of their sins they are quite unfitted to receive the Gospel." Mr. Baierlein gives some statistics of the Romish Church. They have four bishops in India, and they claim to have somewhat more than three hundred thousand Christians under their teaching; but if the statistics furnished in this work are correct, the work of conversion is not very flourishing. The author contrasts these and the results of the work of the Lutherans with great exultation. If the statement in this work is correct, it is a habit with the Romish priests to baptize children surreptitiously. Called in as they often are to help sick children, they baptize them without the parents knowing what they are doing. "This is not done occasionally as an exceptional case by some feeble and eccentric priest—no, it is their regular and one of their principal practices amongst the heathens."

The Lutheran Mission began its work in the Danish settlement of Tranquebar. The Danes obtained possession of that place in 1620, but no missionary was sent out until 1704. The first of these missionaries, and most of those who followed, were Germans. They were hard-working, indefatigable men, and some of them met with great success, obtaining respect and honour, not only among Christians, but from princes and chiefs of the unconverted. The monuments erected to the memory of Schwartz by the English Government in the Cathedral at Madras, and by the Raja of Tanjore in the church at that place, attest the honour in which he was held. But the work of the Lutheran Mission was difficult and chequered. Besides the difficulties they met with from the heathen, they were troubled by carping, censorious members of their own body, and by querulous unreasonable complaints and criticisms from home. A discontented Danish missionary went so far as to call his fellow-labourers "cheated cheats." The Board of Directors at Copenhagen wished to fall back upon apostolic days, and that their missionaries should go forth among the heathen "as the Lord sent forth His disciples, empty handed. He even forbade them," they continue, "to carry in their girdles gold, silver, or precious stones; He told them to carry no scrip, nor shoes, nor staff, nor to have two coats. Test yourselves by this model. . . . We had far rather that your bodily state were like the description given by Paul to the Corinthians, miserable and shameful, poor and insignificant"—and so on, at a considerable length, the sum and substance of the whole being that there

was to be no expense. The missionaries were to labour, and trust to Providence for the means of support. The Directors accomplished their part of the work by sending out the men, and by controlling and lecturing them from their easy chairs at home. It is admitted on all sides that these Danish and German missionaries laboured earnestly, and with very considerable success; but, after the British Government had sanctioned and countenanced the appointment of English missionaries, the Lutherans gradually fell into the background. The influence of the English Societies grew stronger, and the authority of the English bishops was more forcibly exercised. Churches and schools which had formerly been directed by Lutherans passed into the charge of English Churchmen. This is naturally a very sore subject with Mr. Baierlein, and he never fails to point out the losses which his community has suffered. The Lutheran Mission was pushed aside by the newly-awakened British enthusiasm. Since those days it has recovered itself to some extent, but it is easy to enter into the feelings of missionaries who see that the churches and the schools raised by their predecessors have passed into the hands of a different communion, while they are often compelled to put up with makeshifts and to wait for the means of obtaining new ones. "When there were no German missionaries," says Mr. Baierlein, "those took it who liked, and it only remains for us to be glad that it has fallen into the hands of those who, though they oppose us whenever they can, employ not only this money, but also many and large sums in addition in the interest of the Tamil mission."

The caste question is a great difficulty with missions. The English missionaries resolutely set their faces against caste, and refuse to acknowledge it. The Romish missionaries have shown it tolerance, and the Lutherans openly acknowledge it. Mr. Baierlein says, "A mission without caste exists only in the heads of a few people in Europe." He tells a story of some low-caste Christians entering a church where some others of higher caste were congregated, when "these latter felt themselves so uncomfortable that they actually jumped out of the windows and ran away. This happened in 1867, and is only one of the many instances of English missionaries meddling in caste matters." Professor Monier Williams, in the account which he has lately given of his visit to India, notices this caste question, and thinks it will be necessary to recognize caste in all matters save and except in the Holy Communion. But there have been cases in which men of superior caste have claimed the use of a separate cup, and if Christian pastors recognize caste at all, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to exclude its influence at the Sacrament. If the touch of a low-caste man is an abomination, the drinking from the same cup must be a greater one. There seems to be no middle course. Caste must be either recognized or persistently ignored. We will say nothing upon the religious side of the matter, but, looking at it only in a social light, there does seem strong reason for withholding English countenance and support from a system which cramps the energies of the people and restricts their liberty. It is a deeply-rooted institution and is clung to with great tenacity, but civilizing influences are taking effect upon it. Not the least potent of these is the railway car, where no caste is recognized, and where the man of superior caste is ready to incur the danger of pollution rather than not perform his journey at a cheap rate. If the native Christian Church had so far advanced as to be able to govern itself and to provide for the religious wants of its members, it is probable that caste might obtain some recognition. For whenever Christianity becomes the religion of India, it will doubtless receive some impress of the national mind and feelings. The Christian Church of India is not likely to be identical with that of England or of Rome, or of any other communion, but while she is in the leading-strings of English missionaries it certainly seems desirable that caste should receive no religious sanction or countenance.

We wish that this book had been put before the world in a more attractive style, and that greater care and skill had been shown in its translation. The Mission Reports and histories which are in circulation are almost exclusively English, and it is well that directors and supporters of missions should have the opportunity of comparing the accounts given by their own delegates with the statements and opinions of men of different communions. No question can be clearly and thoroughly understood which is examined through only one medium; especially if, as in the cases of missions, the medium is necessarily partial. The opinions and criticisms of rivals and even of enemies are a source of strength when they are used to repair defects and remedy weaknesses. For these reasons, this book deserves the attention of all who have at heart the success of missions in India. It will not always be pleasant reading, for here and there a remark will grate upon the feelings, and occasionally some attention will be required to ascertain the writer's real meaning; but its perusal will throw much light upon a subject which is only partially understood.

#### FULTON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PIGEONS.\*

WE are told that the earliest English work on pigeons, a work accurate in itself and the basis of nearly every other since published, Moore's *Columbarium* (1735), is contained in sixty pages. Many points have, no doubt, been developed since Moore's

\* *The Illustrated Book of Pigeons*. By Robert Fulton. Edited by Lewis Wright. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1876.



time; and as he gives no directions as to matching for breeding, but confines himself to general management and special descriptions of varieties, it is only natural that a modern treatise should cover more ground. But it might have seemed possible that the whole subject in its fullest extent should be brought within the compass of Mr. Tegetmeier's treatise in 188 pages, published in 1868, which not only gives an exhaustive account of the structure, varieties, habits, and management of pigeons, but also does what the book now before us omits to do—i.e. traces the varieties of the fancy pigeon up to the wild original. Some surprise, therefore, is natural when, in Mr. Fulton's volume, which is published under the editorial superintendence of so well tried an authority as Mr. Lewis Wright, we find 390 demy quarto pages of letterpress devoted to this familiar subject—a prolixity for which it is hard to see any urgent cause, unless it be the copious hints which are given as to the successful matching and breeding of carriers, pouters, tumblers, &c., by one who, as he tells us, combines to a great extent the dealer with the breeder, and can boast a very exceptional experience in matching and breeding. These details may be of interest to the professional or amateur fancier who goes in for exhibiting and selling his birds; but those who take up the study and cultivation of pigeon varieties for the satisfaction of the eye and the pleasure derivable from a very graceful class of domestic pets, will be much better served by the work of Mr. Tegetmeier, which is as attractively as it is scientifically written. We look in vain in Mr. Fulton's bulky volume for the lively anecdote, the art of varying dry detail with curiosities of pigeon literature, which have given popularity to his latest predecessor, though, no doubt, it will find acceptance with the mass of fanciers whose one book of reference it may very possibly become. Even for these, however, we should think it might have been rendered more suitable by judicious retrenchment, as in several chapters we have had to read no less than three lengthy descriptions of the same variety, which a little more literary skill might have welded into one. Thus, in pp. 97-103 we find Mr. George Ure, of Dundee, *exhaustively* (this is Mr. Fulton's epithet) discussing the pouter pigeon. Then, for fifteen pages more, Mr. Fulton takes up the ball; and then we have a supplementary paper from Mr. James Montgomery of Belfast, which was not received till "the greater part of the foregoing was put in type."

Not that there is not abundant information to be got from these 390 pages, some of which contain hints not to be found elsewhere. The editor has been thoughtful enough to furnish an index, and the chapters have been so divided and headed as to facilitate reference. In glancing at the contents, we shall have an opportunity of noticing one or two special features. The first practical chapter (c. iii.) is devoted to the pigeon-loft and its sanitary arrangements, in which due importance is attached to air and exercise and ample flying space, and much of the illness of pigeons is set down to overcrowding. "A single pair of birds turned loose by themselves in a loft will bring to maturity in one season about three times as many young ones as any one pair of birds in a crowded loft belonging to the most skilled fanciers, while all these young ones will be stronger and finer birds." Another *une qui non* is a good supply of clean water in fountain and in bath, for the pigeon likes its water-bath as much as the fowl its dust-bath. And it is a wise caution that all pigeon food should be given from a hopper, as that which is scattered on the ground and allowed to get polluted is apt, when eaten, to cause scouring and often death. As to the pairing of pigeons, Mr. Fulton transcribes from Mr. Dixon's *Dovecot and Aviary* his pleasant picture of the fancy pigeon's "honeymoon," and of the honourable way in which the cock bird shares the burden of matrimonial cares; though he afterwards goes at fuller length and more scientifically into the niceties of the matching-pen. As regards breeding and exhibiting, the author advises that the fancier should begin with at most two or three varieties, and get to know their good or bad standard points at a glance, either by belonging to a society or studying examples at the best shows. He counsels beginning with good birds—birds, if possible, that are hereditarily good, and not subject to alternation in successive strains. For conveyance to shows it is usually well to send pigeons in a basket fitted for the purpose, the pouter needing a box with compartments divided slantwise, to fit the body of the bird and preserve the flight feathers and tail. Exhibitors who know what they are about separate pigeons shown in pairs two days before an exhibition, that they may be lively when they meet at Philippi. And experience has taught the author that, for the exhibition of valuable birds, which are often starved by neglect, it ought to be a strict rule that the Committee should furnish every pen with a water tin and a meat tin, the latter provided with sound old grey peas and tares—a mixture which will suit all birds, and should have these tins for heavy wattled birds inside the pens.

Of the four extremes of variety in fancy pigeons—pouters, carriers, fantails, and tumblers—Mr. Fulton gives the carrier the first place, and he inclines, in spite of difficulties in the theory, to think that its name may originally have come from its employment as a messenger, though its eye-wattle would militate against this, and though it has no connexion whatever with the homing-bird, or "carrying pigeon" of our day. "Its near relation, the dragoon, is a very fair homing-bird." Few pigeons are so attractive either in youth, ripen growth, or full maturity, from six months to four years, if their eye-wattles can be kept from becoming fleshy-eyed, contracting spouts, or developing cancer, to which they are liable from their quarrelsomeness and propensity to peck each other, which is best guarded against by a carrier-loft with but three nest-boxes in a row. After eight or ten days carriers are bad feeders, and their

young are best entrusted to Antwerps or dragoons as foster-parents.

In Mr. Fulton's order, the points or properties of a carrier (valued in proportion to the difficulty of production) rank as follows:—1, beak-wattle; 2, beak; 3, eye-wattle; 4, neck; 5, legs and thighs; 6, narrowness of skull. The first is most rare of attainment. It cannot be too large, and "the back of the upper part nearest the head should begin one-eighth of an inch from the outside circle of the eye nearest the beak, and rise gradually forward till the highest point is nearly in the centre, like the head of a caniflower. A second wattle falls forward to the tip of the beak, and old fanciers insisted on a third—the *rose*. The under part, or *Jew wattle*, should be less than the upper, but shaped like it." Elsewhere we are told that the model beak-wattle may be strictly described as a "peg-top" wattle, with a circumference in a first-class bird of four inches; but the so-called walnut-wattle is as rare and precious. A grand property is a box-beak—i.e. where both mandibles fit closely, and the beak should be measured from the point to the centre of the eye-pupil. A box-beak is not a mere fancy point, for the dust that gets in between the mandibles of a spindle-beaked bird is apt to generate cancer in the lower mandible, so that it will sometimes drop off. Mr. Fulton has seen but one good box-beak measuring two inches from point to centre of eye-pupil, and he notices that the best rarely fit close after three years, unless by cutting and paring the upper mandible, which fanciers allow, and which is a comfort to the bird. Not so the tricks resorted to for softening and straightening the beak in young birds, of which he is less tolerant than Mr. Tegetmeier. It may be said, indeed, that one speciality of Mr. Fulton's book is the copious information he gives as to the scant morality of the pigeon-fanciers. It is not very encouraging to embryo fanciers to be told that you may learn the standard points by getting to know the tricks used to counterfeit them, and it is ticklish work to adopt Mr. Fulton's plan of accounting some of these tricks more harmless than others. The white patch may be got off the front of the head of a mottle pigeon by half-a-dozen processes. The head of an almond tumbler may be "made" larger, broader, higher, or of proper shape, by a cruel process (see p. 158) which cannot be detected, but which is commonly practised. And, to give one more instance, it appears to be a common thing to doctor the hocks of the pouter pigeon, as well as to improve its colour. The tricks to get a narrow skull arise of course from the fact of the standard skull of a carrier being so flat and narrow that the eyes almost touch. The favourite colours are brilliant laven black, soft golden dun, and sound bright blue, which has lately come in again. White birds with bull eyes have become nearly extinct; but the author suggests how to reproduce a fine strain of them, and lays it down that in breeding for rare colours the cock of the colour desired should be taken. A fine long neck, a slender gullet, wide shoulders, muscular rounded thighs and legs long enough to carry the body so upright that the top of the tail just touches the ground, and flights and tail as long as the bird can carry, make up the standard carrier. The mysteries of mating carriers to breed out blemishes, or to improve and reproduce particular colours, are discussed and illustrated by diagrams of heads of living specimen birds; and herein, though the subject is too wide for us to enter upon, consists to fanciers the value of the book.

In Mr. Fulton's chapters on the pouter—a showy cross of the Dutch cropper, hailing originally from the Spitalfields weavers, although now so completely naturalized in Scotland that it is called the "Scotch pouter"—we lack nothing but conciseness and judicious arrangement of materials. As it is, the reader has to pick and choose, according to his fancy, from the accounts of Ure, Fulton, and Montgomery. Mr. Fulton says that the crop gives the character to the whole pigeon, whereas Mr. Ure deems length and shape of leg the most valuable property; and, as to colour and markings, both agree in the superiority of the black-pied pouter, for breeding which the secret is given in pp. 109 and 113; though the blue-pied are easiest to breed, as the colour, being natural, breeds true. Mr. Montgomery, with much reason, sets most store by pedigree. A bit of practical advice is given as to training pouters for shows. The great secret is to accustom them to the human hand and voice. We may talk to them, but not point at them; and, above all, not do as Lesbia to her sparrow, give them a finger to peck at, which spoils them for exhibition birds. Due credit is given to Mr. Tegetmeier for the improvement and cultivation of those pigeon-bantams, or pouters in miniature, the pigmy pouters; though Mr. Fulton doubts whether his interpretation of Mr. John Eaton's account of the pigmy pouters of Sir John Sebright preserving all the elegant properties of the standard pied pouters includes *marking*, of which certainly now no trace remains.

In almond tumblers, which are here reckoned fourth in the list of high-class varieties, Mr. Fulton sets colour foremost, and the standard is defined to be a ground of deep rich yellow, the rich colour of the shell of a mouldering nut. The second property is carriage, which is hereditary and cannot be assisted. The proper carriage is "with the head thrown back in a saucy manner, so as to show the broad prominent chest." Then the flights should so trail as to show their own colours in the tail and on the rump, and the leg should be short. The almond tumblers have the drawback of being the very worst of nurses, so that to rear them there is need of a good staff of feeders. The shape and carriage of the mottled tumblers, as indeed of all the short faces, should be like the almond, and among these the black mottle is the favourite. But most readers will doubtless acquiesce in Dixon's preference

for the "tumbler au naturel." "Tumblers," he says, "have been bred with beaks so small that they cannot feed their own young, and with frames so compact that they cannot fly to the top of their breeder's bedstead. They are called tumblers only because if they could fly they would tumble." The common and flying tumblers have an interesting chapter allotted to them, descriptive of the many varieties of rollers, tumblers, tipplers, twizzlers, and mad tumblers, with their manifold and multiform gyrations. That the propensity is partly voluntary and partly involuntary seems plain from the fact that these birds will intermit it if frightened, sick, or from home. An instance is quoted of one bird which would not tumble when astray, but which, on seeing again its cote and mate, began and completed a grand series of tumbles. Mr. J. W. Ludlow gives an interesting chapter on the Oriental tumblers, and Mr. Fulton touches very briefly on the Indian rollers or lowtans, to which Mr. Tegetmeier has done more justice, and of which the natives say that, if allowed, they would tumble till they died. It is the author's opinion that the so-called mad tumblers represent an exaggerated propensity, resulting from disease or malformation, and the same may be the case with these Indian birds. The ordinary efforts of flying tumblers are made with their eyes open.

On the interesting subject of the homing-pigeons—none the less interesting because not a fancier's question, and because it is treated by Mr. J. Harrison—of the "peacock pigeons," the fantails, the glossy and brilliant-hued archangels, whose name is a mystery, and the Oriental fruited pigeons, and Capuchins and Damascenes (chapters on which last have been contributed by a foreigner, M. Caridia), much might be said did space permit. But that we are "spatis exclusi iniquis" is in a great measure the result of a congestion of matter in this well-illustrated, but we must say prolix, volume.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

**MISS MARTINEAU'S *Biographical Sketches*\***, the new edition of which includes some additional notices, as well as her curious autobiography, written in 1855 and published twenty-one years later, may be regarded as in a certain degree a supplement to her *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*. They are not merely a series of keen and, on the whole, shrewd and discriminating studies of character, but present a graphic and interesting picture of the life and characteristics of the generation immediately preceding, and partly surviving into, our own. The date on the title-page, 1852-75, does not mark the period embraced in the biographies, but only that during which they were contributed to the *Daily News*. It was Miss Martineau's function to post up the necrological records of that journal, and her choice of subjects was determined, not by her own selection, but by the hand of death. It is a pity, perhaps, that the writer did not, in collecting her sketches, give them a more complete and systematic form, by filling up some obvious blanks; but the volume, as it stands, is very readable and has a certain historical value, if taken for what it really is, without exaggerating its scope or quality. In the preface to the first edition, the writer says that the sketches convey the impressions which the completed life left in each case on her own mind and, as she believed, on that of the society of her own time. As regards herself this is no doubt true; but it is necessary to make allowance for a certain marked political, as well as in some instances personal, bias. When the writer spoke of "completed lives," she apparently assumed that these lives were fully known to the world in all their aspects, and that a final judgment might be confidently and even dogmatically pronounced on them. It must also be borne in mind that she was a woman of a peculiar turn of mind, living a very secluded life, at a distance from the bustle of the world; and further that, since she passed her final judgments on the various persons summoned to another and higher bar, many passages of their lives, scarcely at all known before, have been disclosed, or have at least been placed in a new light. Lives have appeared of Palmerston, Brougham, Whately, Landor, and others, which, in various ways, materially affect the impressions of an earlier day; but of these, though the author died only the other day, there is no trace in the volume before us. We do not make this remark with any intention of disparaging such records as are here given, but only for the purpose of pointing out the limits within which they may be accepted as settled history. It is impossible to read some of these biographies without observing a certain narrowness and prejudice in the estimate of public men. This is chiefly remarkable in the cases of Palmerston and Macaulay. Miss Martineau can see in Palmerston only "the ingenuity which was his distinguishing ability through life"; she will not allow him to be credited "with any great measure, or any substantial, well-defined, wise, or beneficent policy"; and she predicts that the consequences of his administration of affairs will be "rued by the next generation." She further accuses him of employing "his influence in weakening all political principles, and melting down the whole substance of political conviction by his treatment of all great questions"; and of having "never inspired in any sort of mind any belief in him beyond confidence in his ability to avert evil, or to get out of mischief." Any one, however, who has read the correspondence

published in the recent memoirs of Palmerston must have been struck by the moral courage and high principle which that statesman showed on various critical occasions. It is true that he always took a common-sense, straightforward view of affairs, and did not work himself into that state of perfervid exaltation in which Mr. Gladstone is so much at home, or fancy that the destinies of the world depended on whether one course or another was taken at a particular moment. Again, Macaulay seems to have been one of Miss Martineau's special aversions. There is a story that she once heard him quote in company Johnson's lines—

Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female atheist talks you dead—

which she supposed were applied to herself. However that may be, she evidently disliked Macaulay very much. Her main charge against him is "want of heart." His life, she says, "was cold and barren as regards the highest part of human nature," and this made him "a conventionalist in morals, an insolent and inconsistent Whig in politics, and a shallow and inaccurate historian." She also asserts that he took a low view of life and character. Here again the Life by Mr. Trevelyan, in which we see Macaulay always animated by strong and even passionate feelings as to right and wrong, and overflowing with affection for those around him, contradicts her splenetic picture. There is a similar injustice, similarly repelled by a recent biography, in the last obituary notice which Miss Martineau wrote—that on Mrs. Somerville, whom she did her best to depreciate, sneering at her "commonplace style of mind and conversation on topics involving moral principles and human affections," and her confusion of mind and want of clearness in her scientific works. In short, though Miss Martineau's sketches are often acute and graphic, there is an undercurrent of spitefulness in them which is anything but pleasant. The autobiography now published, which is to be followed by a fuller one, helps the reader to understand the character and position of the writer, and to make allowance for various peculiarities. For a short time, as she says, "she was plunged into such a social whirl that she dined out every day but Sundays"; but her health broke down, and after 1839 she lived almost entirely in seclusion at Ambleside. This was hardly the standpoint from which a critic of public men could obtain either that closeness or that penetration of view which is essential to the work; and there was besides a certain want of sympathy with people of a more robust temperament and more active habits.

Dr. Hammond\*, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, has written a treatise on Spiritualism and allied causes and conditions of nervous derangement which, though somewhat loose and wordy in style, contains interesting information. His object is "to strip from the basis of fact," which he says almost always exists in narratives of spiritualistic feats, "the network of error which ignorance, credulity, and superstition have woven around it." Dr. Hammond, as a professional practitioner in New York, has had a considerable amount of personal experience in regard to nervous disorders, especially in the case of his countrymen, who are very much subject to such complaints; and has arrived at the conclusion that even the most careful and experienced judgment may be deceived by false sensorial impressions of real objects, or by non-existing images created by the mind. He mentions cases in his experience in which physical causes producing an increase of blood in the brain, or altering its quality, have given rise to hallucinations. Thus a young lady who had overtasked her mind saw spectres, and even real things assumed a magnified appearance in her eyes. She thought, for example, that the doctor's watch was as big as a cartwheel. Again, a man professed to see figures in the air whenever he had a handkerchief tied with moderate tightness round his neck. Another case is mentioned of a young lady, hysterical, a somnambulist, and affected with chorea, upon whom the principle of suggestion acted with striking effect. Thus it is only necessary to ask whether she sees certain images, and they are at once before her; to tell her that she is going to be galvanized, and she jumps from the shock before anything is done; or to inquire whether she has a sweet or sour taste in her mouth, and she immediately fancies she has whichever is mentioned. In a case stated by Sir D. Brewster, a lady possessed of good sense was yet of so sensitive a nature that, on hearing of any one suffering pain of any kind, she immediately felt corresponding twitches in the same part of her own body. John Hunter was also of opinion that concentrated attention on any part of the body led to some sensations being experienced. Besides delusion or collusion on the part of the subject, there is another explanation of spirit tricks in the cunning and dexterity of the performers; and the author has no difficulty in citing quite as wonderful feats on the part of professional jugglers as any of those alleged to be due to the co-operation of spirits. One of the triumphs of modern Spiritualism is Mr. Home's pretended power of shortening or lengthening his stature, rising in the air, and holding burning coals in his hand or on his head without the slightest danger; but these are just the sort of tricks which are performed by conjurors as a proof of their skill in deception. Moreover, the sort of testimony which is borne in regard to such deeds as those of Mr. Home generally indicates on the part of those who give it a certain confusion of mind, as well as a predisposition to believe in the reality of anything that seems to

\* *Biographical Sketches, 1852-1875.* By Harriet Martineau. Fourth Edition. Macmillan & Co.

\* *Spiritualism and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement.* By William A. Hammond, M.D. Illustrated. London: Lewis.



happen. Thus, to take one of Mr. Home's most famous feats, that of his levitation, Lord Lindsay gave evidence as follows:—"I was sitting with Mr. Home, Lord Adare, and a cousin of his. During the sitting Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window." Here Home, being originally in the room where the others were, is represented as coming out of the next room without anything being said as to when or how he passed from the first room to the second. Again, Lord Lindsay says:—"We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after we saw Home floating in the air outside our window." It appears, however, from a subsequent statement, that they did not see Home floating, but only a shadow of Home's feet:—"The moon was shining full into the room; my back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window-sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, and then glided into the room, feet foremost, and sat down." As it is not shown that Home ever quitted the room, he may have been present all the time. Moreover, though it is said that he came into the room—which he had apparently never left—through the window, and sat down immediately, there is no mention of his going out again, yet we find him suddenly in the next room, where he repeats the levitation. A man sitting with his back to the window, in an almost dark room, and content to take shadows on the wall as a proof of reality, is a poor witness. Moreover, it has been reported that the fourth person present saw nothing whatever. Again, great importance has been attached to the variation in the weights of bodies by supposed spiritual agency, or, as Mr. Crookes calls it, "psychic" force. The balance which Mr. Crookes devised for this experiment was no doubt of an extremely delicate kind, and there is no reason to suppose that he did not correctly report the results; but this shows only that the balance was somehow affected, not that it was affected by spiritual or psychic force. There are various conjectures which might be made as to Mr. Home's participation in the affair, and this clever performer was of course an essential element in the proceedings. The author suggests that possibly Mr. Home may be capable of secretly exciting and using electrical power. Dr. Hammond apparently does not believe in the extraordinary effects attributed to mesmerism; but he accepts artificial somnambulism as a reality, and thinks that nervous patients are sometimes temporarily relieved by a sudden shock, or by the confidence in their recovery which is inspired by quacks. There is some very curious matter in the chapters on Hysteria, Ecstasy, Fasting-girls, and Stigmatization.

A year or two since Mr. J. Deas, the Engineer of the Clyde Navigation, read a paper on that remarkable enterprise before the Institution of Civil Engineers, and this he has now recast and expanded in a separate publication.\* The people of Glasgow have undoubtedly every reason to be proud of the engineering efforts which have raised the Clyde from a petty stream to one of the chief highways of commerce, and Glasgow from an obscure salmon-fishing village to be the second city of the kingdom; and Mr. Deas tells his story in a very clear and concise way. The Clyde of the present day, from a mile below Bowling upwards to Glasgow, a length of twelve miles, is nearly as much an artificial navigation as the Suez Canal. It requires, Mr. Deas tells us, constant dredging to maintain its depth, and the increasing size of vessels of the merchant navy necessitates the continued deepening of the river. Even as recently as a hundred years ago the river was almost in a state of nature, and was fordable on foot at Dumbuck Ford, more than twelve miles below Glasgow. The first attempts to improve the river date as far back as 1566; but nothing was done in earnest till 1755, when various eminent engineers, including Smeaton, Watt, Rennie, and Telford were taken into counsel on the subject. The total expenditure of the Clyde Trustees since 1770 has been not far short of six millions, the whole of which has been paid out of the rates and loans raised on the security of the rates. The quays in the harbour of Glasgow is now 7,109 lineal yards, stretching on each side of the river, with a water space of 98 acres. Since the end of 1871, 1,505 yards have been added to meet the inflation of trade which then began to take place, but which had but a brief duration. In 1872, miners' wages rose to 10s. 6d. per day, pig-iron to 135s. per ton, steam-coal to 23s. per ton; but the falling off was as rapid as the rise, and by the middle of 1875 steamers were a drug in the market, the demand for sailing ships increased, miners' wages fell to 5s. a day, pig-iron to 56s. and coal to 10s. per ton. When the new Stobcross docks are finished, they will comprise 3,342 lineal yards of quayage, and a water space of 33 acres, with a general area of 61 acres. They will be tidal, with a depth of 20 feet at low water. The outer basin will be 695 feet wide, thus providing ample space for the coaling of the largest vessel afloat, except the *Great Eastern*. In the year ended 30th of June, 1874, the goods imported and exported amounted to 2,218,533 tons, and for that ended 30th of June, 1875, 2,346,842 tons, being an increase of 128,309 tons, while the tonnage of vessels arriving in the harbour was also increased by 48,436 tons.

Mr. Gillespie, in his guide to Glasgow and the Clyde †, rates at a very high point the æsthetic refinement both of the city and its inhabitants. "No city in the kingdom surpasses Glasgow in street architecture." "Liverpool and Manchester are mean-looking" in

comparison. Edinburgh is more picturesque in natural situation, but otherwise quite inferior to Glasgow. The materials of the houses in the latter city are a fine quality of freestone, which loses its natural rich colour under the influence of the atmosphere, and, as Mr. Gillespie poetically puts it, "gradually softens to a cool grey, giving the buildings precisely the effect of a drawing in china ink, and imparting a tone far from unpleasing to the eye." This is a matter of taste; but a dirty, dingy hue was perhaps never more prettily described. George Square, we learn, is "perfect in its way"; and Argyll Street has been described by Lord Russell as the finest street in Europe. In Glasgow, we are assured, "slums" have been abolished; but we fancy the process is not yet completed. "The interior of your wealthy Glasgow merchant's residence is, nowadays, the abode of taste and refinement." It is hung with pictures of famous artists, and the appointments are in strict artistic keeping. Every domestic arrangement is marked by a "sense of artistic propriety." Beneath the lofty and serene merchant princes there are small manufacturers and respectable shopkeepers, who "lead quietly domesticated and happy lives, though the circle of their enjoyment is rather narrow." The writer admits that Sunday in Glasgow is perhaps "kept a little too strictly." The same spirit of enthusiastic admiration runs through the rest of the work; but it contains also a good deal of practical information as to the city and its neighbourhood.

Mr. R. H. Scott, the Director of the Meteorological Office, has written a very useful little manual\* in order to explain the weather charts which appear in the newspapers. Most people, he remarks, assume that the barometer rises and falls in direct relation to the weather, without considering how or why it does so; and he thinks that the charts would be more useful if they were more intelligently studied. Mr. Scott points out that the weather reports are still incomplete, both in quality and quantity, and only a poor substitute for actual personal observation. As improvements in this respect, he suggests that the instruments should be automatic, and that the reporters should be experienced observers with outdoor occupations, so as to be constantly on the outlook for any change of weather which may take place. The reports ought also to be more frequent, and the area over which they range extended. Practically, in these islands, the readers of newspapers and subscribers to the Daily Weather Reports cannot see their charts until several hours, frequently an entire day, after date. Still a good deal has already been accomplished in this branch of scientific work. The charts are useful as far as they go, as supplementary to careful and systematic observations of instruments and local weather; and in this way a general idea of the coming weather may be obtained, but it is impossible to know beforehand with any precision whether a particular day will be wet or dry. Mr. Scott frankly confesses that there is great uncertainty in the system of storm warnings, owing to the deficiency of information, and that the Weather Office is often to a great extent in the dark as to the character and motion, in direction and rate, of the storms which approach our coasts, until they have wrought more or less damage. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, there is a general success of nearly eighty per cent. of the warnings given, which is very satisfactory. Mr. Scott gives a lucid account of the various elements of weather study, gradients of barometrical pressure, cyclones and anticyclones, and the motion of storms. Readers who are puzzled by these words in the newspapers may like to know that anticyclonic systems are marked by a very slow circulation of the air, or, in other words, by light winds, by low temperature in winter, great absolute dryness of the air, at least in the centre, and consequent absence of rain, though fog may be prevalent. Cyclonic systems, on the contrary, are distinguished by just the reverse of these conditions. The air circulates more rapidly, causing strong winds, and appears to flow in towards the centre, so that it must naturally be supplied from below and ascend in the centre. Cyclones bring over at least a large part of the area they cover a comparatively high temperature, much moisture, and consequently heavy rain. This, however, is only in the winter; in summer the conditions of temperature are reversed. The hottest weather is then under anticyclonic systems, and cyclonic systems bring cloudy weather, rain, and cold, the latter being due to the interception of the rays of the sun. On the whole, the distribution of barometrical pressure, as measured by the gradient, appears to be the best guide we have to a knowledge of the laws of wind motion, and accordingly to a knowledge of coming weather. Whenever there is a sudden rise of the barometer, an equally sudden fall may be expected, and it is necessary to be on the look-out for the slightest tendency of pressure to give way.

Mr. E. O. Thomas has put together in a slim octavo a digest of the principal cases illustrating Constitutional Law†, that is to say, all questions as to the rights or authority of the Crown or persons under it, as regards not merely the constitution and structure given to the governing body, but also the mode in which the sovereign power is to be exercised. In an introductory essay Mr. Thomas gives a very clear and intelligent survey of the general functions of the Executive and the principles by which they are regulated; and then follows a summary of leading cases. The work is dedicated, perhaps satirically, to the Attorney-General.

\* *The River Clyde*. By James Deas, Engineer of the Clyde Navigation. Glasgow: Maclehose.

† *Glasgow and the Clyde*. By R. Gillespie. Glasgow: Forrester.

\* *Weather Charts and Storm Warnings*. By R. H. Scott. Henry S. King & Co.

† *Leading Cases in Constitutional Law briefly Stated*. By Ernest C. Thomas. Stevens & Haynes.

Professor Newman, in the version of the Odes of Horace \* which he has just issued, has gone on the principle of "inventing for each Horatian stanza one, and one only, English representative." In his earlier effort he admits that he took too short a stanza as a substitute for the Alcaics, and felt himself painfully cramped. He has now elongated each of the first two lines by one trochee, and thinks he has gained in ease. This may be true as regards the Professor's own labours, but it cannot be said that his verses, though no doubt faithful enough to the sense, convey any idea of the ease and beauty of Horace's language. There is something harsh and jerky in the former, and the translator frequently falls into the error of choosing words which are too strong, or at least too rough and violent, to be in keeping with the tone of the original. Still the version is, in its way, a careful and useful one.

Mr. W. C. Bennett, a writer of songs and ballads†, of which the best known is "Baby May," has published some fresh efforts of his prolific muse. He has written, he tells us, nearly four hundred songs, and we should imagine that he might easily write four hundred more. His style of composition is for the most part of a wooden and mechanical order, and can apparently be turned on at any moment or on any subject. It cannot be said that there is much or any real poetry in these effusions, but they show a genial and healthy spirit, and have a lively ring about them.

Mr. C. L. Smith has translated Tasso's famous poem‡ into English in what professes to be the metre of the original; but he is far from a skilful versifier, and in any case it would scarcely be possible to reproduce in English anything like the melody of the original. There is, however, a certain romantic interest in the story which may be caught in this version, which is at least plain and readable, if rather clumsy.

The new edition of the second volume of Mr. Dunning Macleod's work § on banking contains an historical sketch of the subject from the renewal of the Bank Charter in 1800 to the present time, with an account of the organization of the Bank of England and the rise of joint-stock banking, and an analysis of the work of a banker, and of the law in regard to it.

Dr. Neil Arnott's well-known work on the Elements of Physics || first appeared in 1827, and in the course of the next five years five successive editions of it were published. Dr. Arnott died in 1874, leaving it as a charge to his literary executors, Professor Bain of Aberdeen and Dr. Alfred Taylor, to adapt the work to the present state of knowledge, while retaining in his own words all that was permanent in the doctrines and exposition of the subject; and the seventh edition, now before us, contains the result of their labours. It is needless to say that such a task could not be entrusted to better hands; and though, as a general rule, an old work on any branch of science where new facts and new principles are constantly coming into view can hardly be satisfactorily patched up so as to keep pace with the progress of discovery, still there are qualities in Dr. Arnott's book, such as clear and popular style and apt illustrations, which make it worth while to preserve his work as far as possible. As it now stands, the *Elements of Physics* may be recommended as a thorough and comprehensive survey of the subject of which it treats.

At the present moment, when the Eastern question is exciting so much attention, and when it is so important that English opinion on the subject should be well informed, a little pamphlet on the Slavonian Provinces of Turkey ¶, which is offered as "an historical, ethnological, and political guide to questions at issue in these lands," will be found to place the general outlines of the subject before the reader in a clear and interesting manner. The sketch was written before the "atrocities" were known, and says nothing about them; but it serves a useful purpose in showing that there are other aspects of the question which deserve consideration.

The general composition of the Freemasons' Society shows that it is quite possible to be a Freemason without being a fool, but it is obvious enough that there is a considerable proportion of fools among the body. "J. G."\*\* is one of those undesirable members who discredit the brotherhood by a kind of drivelling absurdity which seems to be the natural effect of lodge meetings operating on a weak temperament. "J. G." informs us that he "would not have ventured to publish his sketches" of distinguished masons "in a permanent form if his own inclination had been consulted," but they have been "favourably received by the Masonic world," when they appeared in one of the organs of Freemasonry, and he has been "constrained" by the pressure of friends to republish them. He adds that they are "freed from those blemishes which are inseparable from periodical writing." We do not know how far the original style of these sketches has undergone a change, but as they now stand they are certainly marked by the blemishes of the lowest penny-a-lining. The work is, in fact, a curious mixture of impudent familiarity and fulsome adulation, and we should imagine that such of the persons here described as have any sense of self-

respect must be anything but pleased at finding themselves held up to public view in such a ridiculous light.

Not only strangers in London, but even residents, will be thankful for a guide to the great city which enables them by a simple reference to ascertain the most convenient route and means of locomotion from one point to another. The *London Guide*\* gives a list of theatres, concert-rooms, and other places of amusement, down to music-halls; museums, picture-galleries; charitable, scientific, and other public institutions; places of worship, railway stations, and all important public haunts in town, with the hours of opening, terms of admission, and so on, together with directions as to the route by cab, railway, omnibus, tramway, or steamer, and a good map; and all within the compass of a thin, handy volume.

Messrs. Cassal and Karcher have followed up their junior course of translation from English into French by another for senior students.† The advantage of this selection of passages for translation seems to us to lie in its variety, every kind of style, familiar and severe, being represented. The pedantic formality of the examples in most school-books not only makes them dull and uninteresting, but limits their usefulness, inasmuch as what the learner has to acquire is an acquaintance with a language in all its forms; and the present work is free from this objection.

The second part of *Notes on Building Construction*‡, arranged to meet the requirements of students preparing for examination under the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, supplies practical information as to the chief kinds of brickwork and masonry, roofings, girders, and so on, with woodcut illustrations. The work is anonymous, but bears traces of a competent hand. It is to be completed by a third part, dealing with the nature of stresses, materials, foundations, &c.

Mr. Shaw's Guide to the London and North-Western Railway § is a stout, compact little volume, giving in brief the sort of information useful to tourists on their travels through the three kingdoms, and appears to be, in its way, a careful and comprehensive work. It is illustrated with maps, woodcuts, and coloured engravings, and certainly contains a great deal in a small space.

Mr. Croston's account of a pedestrian tour through the Peak district || is interesting in a gossiping way, and contains a useful itinerary.

The Proceedings of the Musical Association for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the art and science of music during its second session, 1875-76 ¶, contains papers by members on the graphic method of representing musical intervals, ecclesiastical music in Western Europe, standards of musical pitch, medical science in relation to the voice as a musical instrument, &c., with discussions.

Messrs. Novello & Co. have published popular editions of Mr. Niels Gade's cantatas, *The Crusaders* and *Zion*, and also Wagner's *Holy Supper of the Apostles* \*\*, all of which were performed at the recent Birmingham Festival.

\* *London Guide*. New Edition. E. Stanford.

† *The Graduated Course of Translation from English into French*. Part II. Senior Course. Edited by Professor C. Cassal and Professor T. Karcher. Longmans & Co.

‡ *Notes on Building Construction*. Part II. Rivingtons.

§ *The Official Tourists' Picturesque Guide to the London and North-Western Railway*. Edited by G. Shaw. Norton & Shaw.

|| *On Foot through the Peak*. By James Croston. Third Edition. Manchester: Heywood.

¶ *Proceedings of the Musical Association for 1875-76*. Chappell & Co.

\*\* *The Crusaders*. By Niels W. Gade. *Zion*. By the Same. *The Holy Supper of the Apostles: a Scriptural Scene*. By Richard Wagner. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

\* *The Odes of Horace; Translated into Unrhymed Metres*. With Introduction and Notes. By F. W. Newman. Trübner & Co.

† *Songs of a Song Writer*. By W. C. Bennett. Henry S. King & Co.

‡ *The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso*. Translated by the Rev. C. Lesingham Smith. Harris & Co.

§ *The Theory and Practice of Banking*. By H. Dunning Macleod. Vol. II. Third Edition. Longmans & Co.

|| *Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy*. By Neil Arnott, M.D. Seventh Edition. Edited by A. Bain, LL.D., and A. S. Taylor, M.P. Longmans & Co.

¶ *The Slavonian Provinces of Turkey*. E. Stanford.

\*\* *Masonic Portraits*. By "J. G." Morgan.



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**SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, Liverpool, October 11 to 18.**  
 President—The Most Hon. The Marquis of HUNTER, *President of the Department of Jurisprudence*, FARRER HERSCHELL, Esq., Q.C., M.P., H. Education, Rev. MARK PAT-  
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C. W. RYALLS, General Secretary.

**GUYS HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences on Monday, October 2.**

## MEDICAL OFFICERS.

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 Physicians—S. D. Habershon, M.D.; S. Wilks, M.D., F.R.S.; F. W. Pavy, M.D., F.R.S.; W. Moxon, M.D.  
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 Aurist Surgeon—W. Laidlaw Purves, Esq.  
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 In connection with the Lying-in Charity, about 2,500 Cases are annually attended by the Students.

Number of Patients relieved during the year, about 91,000.

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**Clinical Surgery.**—Mr. Forster, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Durham, and Mr. Howe.  
**Practical Surgery.**—Mr. Davies-Colley.  
**Clinical Lectures on Medicine and Diseases of Women.**—Dr. Braxton Hicks.  
**Morbid Anatomy.**—Dr. Hilton Fagge and Dr. Goodhart.  
**Cutaneous Diseases.**—Dr. F. Taylor.  
**Anatomy (Descriptive and Surgical).**—Mr. Howe and Mr. Davies-Colley.  
**Practical Anatomy.**—Mr. Clement Lucas, Mr. Golding-Bird, and Mr. Jacobson.  
**Physiology and General Anatomy.**—Dr. Pavy and Dr. Pye-Smith.  
**Practical Physiology.**—Dr. Pye-Smith.  
**Chemistry.**—Dr. Debus and Dr. Stevenson.  
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**Clinical Lectures in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, weekly.**  
 Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and of the College of Surgeons.  
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**Fees.**—First year, £40; second year, £40; third year, £40; or £105, in one sum on entrance, or in two instalments, at the commencement of the first Winter, and of the following Summer Session.  
 Several of the Lecturers have Vacancies for Resident Private Pupils.  
 For further information apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR, or the Medical Secretary, Mr. STOCKER.

Guy's Hospital, July 1876.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

**ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.**  
 An Examination will be held on September 25 for TWO SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £50 and £40 respectively. The subjects will be the same as for the Preliminary Scientific M.B. Examination at the London University (See University Calendar).  
 Also on September 28, for TWO BUXTON SCHOLARSHIPS, value £30 and £20 respectively, in the subjects of the Preliminary Examination, as regulated by the General Council of Medical Education and Registration.  
 Intending Candidates must send their names not later than September 20.  
 Particulars may be ascertained on application to the SECRETARY, at the Medical College, Turner Street, Mile End, E.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will begin on Monday, October 2.  
 The Clinical Practice of the Hospital comprises a Service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 34 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate.  
 Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.  
 For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made personally, or by letter, to the RESIDENT VANDER of the College.  
 A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

## ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, Albert Embankment, West-

minster Bridge, S.E.—The MEDICAL SESSION for 1876 and 1877 will COMMENCE on Monday, October 2, 1876, on which occasion an ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. FRANCIS MASON, at Four O'clock.

Gentlemen are informed that the Admission Fees to Practice and to all the Lectures may be paid in one of two ways:  
 1st. One Hundred Guineas, paid on entrance, entitle a Student to unlimited attendance.  
 2nd. Payment by Three instalments, namely, of £40 at the beginning of the first year, £40 at the beginning of the second year, and £20 at the beginning of the third year, entitles a Student after payment of the third instalment to unlimited attendance.

Special Entries may be made to any Course of Lectures, or to the Hospital Practice; and a modified Scale of Fees is arranged for Students entering in their Second, Third, or any subsequent year.

Any further information required will be afforded by Mr. WHITFIELD.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

SESSION 1876-77.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on Monday, October 2. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 2 P.M., by Professor MAULSLEY, M.D.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS will commence on Tuesday, October 3. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 P.M., by Professor W. STANLEY JEVONS, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of SCIENCE (including the Department of the Applied Sciences) will begin on Tuesday, October 3.

The SCHOOL for BOYS between the ages of Seven and Sixteen will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, September 26.

Prospectuses of the various Departments of the College, containing full information respecting Classes, Fees, Days and Hours of Attendance, &c., and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by Students of the several Faculties, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

The Examination for the Medical Entrance Examinations, and also that for the Andrews Entrance Prizes (Faculties of Arts and Laws, and of Science), will be held at the College on the 28th and 29th of September.

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August 1876.

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